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# MIRIAM COFFIN,

OR

# THE WHALE-FISHERMEN.

## A TALE.

While we follow them amid the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits—while we are looking for them between the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold—that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the Equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know, that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries—no climate that is not witness to their unceasing toils!

*Edmund Burke.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# MIRIAM COFFIN,

OR

# THE WHALE-FISHERMEN.

## CHAPTER I.

Now art thou my lieutenant!
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are but few women of perception who are unable to estimate their own attractions, and to set a just value upon their power. Personal vanity, to be sure, is frequently betrayed to excess, in the exhibition of the thousand little arts to which females resort to catch the eyes, or to rivet the chains, about the hearts of the men; but most women know the best way of managing these things, and how to adorn themselves for conquest. It is a lamentable truth, however, that many of the gentler sex draw off their light artillery at a time when it behooves them to play their engines most skilfully, and to keep up a constant and well-directed fire. How truly this may be exemplified, the attentive observer may determine for himself, by looking into the conduct of most females after marriage. The bright eyes and wreathed smiles of the maid, when she met her lover, are changed to lacklustre orbs and forbidding soberness in the matron towards the husband; and at times, to pouting peevishness, or dinning invective. The bless-

ing of the parson is, alas, too often the signal for letting down the pegs of the instrument that before had discoursed the pleasantest sounds in the world; and if its strings are afterward touched, they are sure to jangle inharmoniously.

This broad rule is not without its exceptions. The picture has its bright sides, and the desert its sunny spots. There are thousands of instances, we dare engage, wherein wives forget not the arts or accomplishments that won their husbands; and who, to the latest days of their lives, practise those kindly little attentions, that lose not their charm by repetition. They are jewels of wives, and crowns to their husbands, who, having won, continue the ways of winning, in order to keep the pure flame of early affection constantly burning in the bosoms of their helpmates. Verily they are not without their reward. We never knew continued and undeviating kindness in the wife to go unrecompensed. A peaceful household betokens holiness in the intercourse of its members; and be assured that happiness is there, in as great a degree as humanity can lay claim to, amid the unavoidable vexations which, like the scum of the caldron, boil up full plentifully whenever we have to do with the world. "Let there be peace at home," saith the child's book; and that there may be peace around our own fireside,—where, of all places in the world, we should strive most for its maintenance,—we have only to will it, and it is ours. And most of all doth it rest within the power of the wife to keep her household in good humour, and to make the stream of life run smoothly, by pouring oil upon its troubled waters.

Among the arts least resorted to by married women to please their husbands, is that of personal attention to dress before appearing at the breakfast-table. The morning meal, of all others, is the dullest; and it is made so by circumstances completely within the control of the one who presides at the table. The men of

America are devoted to business; and unceasing toil and activity in their vocation are characteristics of the people. We will not stop to discuss the question whether, in comparison with other nations, they are deficient in many of the observances which appertain to the enjoyment of the elegances of life, and which, in the present age of refinement, are supposed to contribute to the happiness of mankind. But we were not surely created for business alone,—nor predestined to delve, grubworm-like, at the unvarying labour of hoarding up money;—unless, perchance, the curse attending the invasion of Eden by the wily serpent, and the punishment of the original sin of transgression committed by Adam, be visited upon his American posterity in particular, and they alone should, by any exception, be doomed to earn a hard subsistence by the "sweat of the brow."

There must be hours for relaxation and enjoyment, or we shall become sordid and sinister. The time before the morning meal, and at the breakfast-table, may be converted, with the greatest ease, to the especial purpose of our highest enjoyment, instead of being aimlessly spent in stupidity; or, what is equally bad, in bustling anxiety to be off and about our business, or in a hurry to be mingling with the jostling crowd. Why not begin the day with cheerfulness and equanimity of temper in the midst of our families, instead of postponing our pleasures until the day and its cares are over? Little do some women dream that they are the principal cause of the quick despatch of the morning meal, and the unsatisfactory and often mortifying hurry of their husbands to escape from the duresse of the family circle, before their toast and coffee are well bolted!

What is the secret, pray?

It is nothing more nor less than neglect of those little duties about the house—that legitimate empire of woman,—and about her person; both of which are

put in the best possible array for the reception of strangers—but, good Lord! what woman cares a pin for her husband in these respects? A littered room—disordered furniture—negligent arrangement of the table—a slouched morning-dress—hair unbraided and uncurled—slippers down at heel—a melancholy countenance—uncombed and unwashed children—all these are good enough for *him* to look at in the morning,—and no wonder he is off like a rocket! The wonder is, that he does not go *before* breakfast, and be somewhat tardy in returning.

Now Miriam Coffin and her daughter Ruth were very pinks and patterns of women. The sun never had the start of them in the morning. They were stirring with the lark, and their work was out of the way, and all their thrifty dispositions made about the house, before our moderns think of beginning the daily crusade of the broom and the scrubbing-brush. The toilet was made too before breakfast; and when Jethro sat down to partake of his early meal, he found his wife and daughter in all their fresh and blooming looks, and in their clean and becoming attire, ready to sit down with him. The very appearance of his household begat an appetite within him, and gave a zest to the enjoyment of the good things of life. He lingered about his home for the very love of it; and he loved Miriam the more, because she studied to make his home pleasant to him.

Isaac, from the excitement and exhaustion of the previous day, did not appear at table, but confined himself to his room. He had, however, already recovered from his partial mental aberration, and the complete restoration of his bodily health was shortly anticipated. The worst that came of the rencounter with the Indian was a slight illness to himself, and great fright and solicitude on the part of his relatives. As for the Indian, he fared full as well as he deserved; and he was brought to life again by the severe but old-fashioned ceremony of rolling his body upon a barrel, until all the salt water was

ejected from the stomach, and respiration was restored to his lungs. Humane societies, with their well-adapted apparatus, lodged at the corners of streets, near the wharves of maritime towns and cities, for revivifying drowned people, were not as yet constituted. So the Indian underwent a sort of purgatory of existence; and, with a shadowy perspective of an hereafter, he opened his eyes to greet the sun once more, and was thus preserved for a time to fulfil his destiny. Jethro had already made his arrangements with the Selectmen, and Quibby was declared a fit subject for the discipline of the next whale-ship which should depart from the island.

If they dine at meridian at Nantucket, so do they breakfast at a corresponding hour of earliness. Six o'clock, antemeridian, found Jethro and his family surrounding the low, old-fashioned, crooked-legged table; and they were on the point of depositing their bodies in their high-backed settles to attack the provision of the morning, when a knock upon the outer door arrested their further proceedings. Miriam answered the summons, and ushered in "Solomon Lob and his portmantle" in the person of Timothy Grimshaw, esquire, with a small bundle of duds beneath his dexter-arm. Jethro was discomposed at the sight of the lawyer; and Ruth impatiently curled her lip, and bridled up, and scarcely deigned to notice the intruder. Grimshaw could not fail to observe the coolness of his reception; but, feeling confidence in the protection of Miriam, he deposited his bundle in the corner of the room, and made an awkward obeisance to his unwilling host. Miriam hastened to his relief, and bade him welcome. Turning to her husband, she said,—

"I have invited friend Grimshaw to take up his abode with us for a season, not doubting that thou wouldst be pleased to extend the same civility, seeing that he is a stranger among us." Without waiting for the answer of Jethro, she placed a chair for the new-comer at the table, and requested him to be seated. The breakfast

proceeded in silence, relieved only by the occasional attempts of Miriam to put her visiter at ease. But not a solitary compliment did Jethro bestow; and Ruth was resolutely and deeply engaged in every thing else but ministering to the comforts of the man whom she cordially disliked.

"Ruth," said Miriam, "help thy friend to the buttered cakes; Jethro, the cold mutton is before thee; why dost thou not put a slice upon thy neighbour's plate?"

"The custom of my house, thou knowest full well, Miriam, is for everybody to help himself. I am not given to urge visiters to eat; but our provision is spread out, and he is welcome to help himself."

Jethro, like the Southern Nullifier, threw himself upon his "reserved rights," and would not lift a finger at the hint or bidding of Miriam. Had it been anybody but the lawyer, his plate would have been piled up before he could have well seated himself at the table. Miriam, however, did her best to dispense the hospitalities in a creditable manner; while Ruth, with mischievous intent, became all at once exceedingly "helpful," and contrived to draw a circumvallation of edibles around the plate of Grimshaw, until he was fairly flanked by breastworks of toast, and rolls, and meats, and sweetcake. He looked up in doubt and wonder, as dish after dish came to his aid; but Miriam regarded her daughter with an eye of reproof.

"Let those laugh who win," said Grimshaw to himself; "there are some folks who will tire of officious insincerity before I, Timothy Grimshaw, shall get weary of good provender. I am too well backed here by the woman, to fear a continuance of the hostility of the other members of the family."

The breakfast over, Jethro hurried from his home without the ceremony of leave-taking. He was thenceforth vexed, he scarcely knew why, at the presence of his visiter, whom his wife had evidently taken under her patronage. Jethro was unaccountably harassed in his

waking dreams with visions of lawsuits; and his dreams by night were of the same texture. His aversion to Grimshaw was none the less because his image was always associated with a long perspective of writs and attachments, and ruinous proceedings at law, which were conjured up, unbidden, to his fancy, whether waking or sleeping.

Matters went on much in the same way, day after day, until the Grampus was ready for sea, and on the eve of departure; but Jethro was always filled with distrust in the presence of Grimshaw, and received his advances towards intimacy with shyness. Ruth made no concealment of her dislike, and repulsed his overtures to better acquaintance with an open honesty bordering upon rudeness. But Grimshaw bore it all with Christian fortitude and resignation. Week after week, duly as Saturday came, he planked his two silver crowns to Miriam, under pretence of discharging the cost of his entertainment; but it was observed that he always made his payments rather ostentatiously in presence of Jethro or Ruth, and he thus acquired with the former a character for independence and ability to pay his way, which half-reconciled him to his visiter. But Ruth, whose suspicions were excited by several trivial occurrences, such as an unaccountable increase in the wardrobe of Grimshaw, and an appropriation of some of the best hose and neckcloths of her father to his use, did not hesitate to doubt the profundity of his purse; and, in spite of her mother's deep-laid plans, she set herself to scrutinize his weekly payments. Her doubts, as to his pecuniary ability and of her mother's disinterestedness, were entirely put at rest, when she saw a silver crown of peculiar identity paid over for the second time to her mother by Grimshaw. The nicking of the edge betrayed the unfortunate coin, which on the preceding week had been deposited in the pocket of Miriam; and, before it had well got warm in its nest, had been refunded privately to the briefless lawyer, to perform the same ser-

vice over again on the coming Saturday evening. Jethro did not discover the cheat of the transfer of his own property, and the nicked crown-piece escaped the notice of Miriam, who was intent only on the outward means of keeping up appearances, and satisfying her husband of the honourable conduct of Grimshaw. Ruth, however, marked the circumstance, trivial as it was, and treasured up the discovery to be used thereafter, as occasion might require.

Miriam had her long cherished designs to carry out, and she found it necessary to consult a legal adviser. Grimshaw had come opportunely to her aid; and in order to avail herself of his exclusive services, inasmuch as he was the only lawyer then likely to take up his abode upon Nantucket, she was determined to secure him at any reasonable cost, and thought the tax a cheap one which attached him to her fortunes, for no other compensation than entertainment at her house, and a small pecuniary supply. In return for these favours, which consorted well with the indolent propensities of 'Squire Grimshaw, he was not slow in giving his advice whenever asked, and in time ingratiated himself securely in the confidence of Miriam.

"It is now time," said Miriam to Grimshaw, while they were sitting together of an afternoon in the parlour, "it is now time that thou shouldst give me a substantial cast of thy profession. Thou knowest that my husband will shortly sail in the new ship for the mother-country, and that the duration of his absence will be uncertain. He has as yet spoken nothing of his intention to appoint an agent at home, to manage his affairs while he is abroad; and, though I doubt not that his eye will naturally turn to me for counsel, and, perhaps, the sole management of his business may be placed in my hands, yet I am anxious that no stranger shall be nominated to share in the labour. I would be uncontrolled in this matter; in short, I am determined to be left the free and untrammelled disposer of his means. I have set my heart upon it, Grimshaw; and I must be clothed with

written authority that none may gainsay. And now that thou knowest my wishes, I desire thee to contrive a method by which I may maintain the undisputed ordering of his affairs the while."

"What, Mrs. Coffin!" exclaimed Grimshaw, in surprise, "do you feel yourself, woman as you are, equal to the task of fitting out his ships and superintending the details of his trade?"

"Do I, indeed! Let me but obtain the command I covet, and thou shalt see," answered Miriam, with an air of self-confidence that set the question at rest.

"If thou hast well resolved upon it," replied Grimshaw, after turning the question in his mind, "I know of but one way to secure authority in the premises that shall not be questioned in the law."

"Name it," said Miriam.

"If your husband could be brought to execute a letter of attorney, such as I will prepare, your design will be accomplished."

"About it straight!" rejoined Miriam; "and do thou make it binding to the uttermost power of words. If thou doest this well, thou mayst name thy reward."

"I would that I might name a reward," answered Grimshaw, with some hesitation, "which you would find it as free to bestow, and as easy of accomplishment, as the draft of a perfect power of attorney will be from my pen."

"Speak it!" said she; "thou wilt not name a thing unreasonable?"

"It is the hand of thy daughter!" said Grimshaw. He watched the countenance of Miriam as he spoke the words. The effect was electric. She raised her eyes to his face in astonishment, and returned the look of her companion with a long gaze.

"Art thou in earnest?" demanded she, after a pause.

"I am."

"Thou throwest for a high prize," returned Miriam; "but it may not, perchance, be easily won. Thou

canst not be serious in thy demand, surely! The extreme youth of my daughter will scarcely admit of the thought. She hath but just turned her sixteenth year, and I fear much that her wayward and girlish fancy cannot be secured for *thee*."

"Time, Mrs. Coffin, and patient assiduity will, I hope, accomplish what I most ardently desire. Give me but your consent to try the experiment, together with your good word of recommendation opportunely poured into her ear, and I will trust the result to future fulfilment."

"I confess that I am doubtful of the issue; but I give thee leave to undertake the conquest for thyself: nay, if thou dost wish it, thy endeavours shall not lack for my friendly countenance. But set about thy task, for it will not brook delay. Produce the written instrument which shall delegate to me the power I seek; and this very night, if success attend my design with Jethro, I will strive to do thee good service with Ruth."

Miriam motioned with her hand to cut short further conversation; and Grimshaw, elated at his unlooked-for good fortune, retired to frame the legal paper.

"And now," said Miriam, as Grimshaw disappeared, "now are my resolves taken: my purpose shall not be turned aside for small obstacles. The time has arrived; I have set my fortune upon a cast; and, spite of womanish fears, and what men call womanly propriety, I will run the hazard of the undertaking. I have waited long and anxiously for an opportunity such as this, to throw off the shackles which have bound me to duties with which other women are content. But what," continued she, "what will the generations that come after me say to my bold conduct? No matter what! My womanhood, however, shall not be a reproach to my descendants, but my example shall be one for imitation rather. Must we, because we are women, for ever be confined to the distaff and the spinning-wheel—to the nursery and the kitchen? Pshaw! I will assume such a front and presence as may become a woman with a masculine spirit. Men shall point to me, and cry out

as I pass, '*That* is Miriam—Miriam Coffin!'—and children shall remember my greatness, and hand down the record of my actions to their latest posterity. I will be remembered for ever upon the island of Nantucket; and the race of the Folgers, from which I sprung, shall be proud to name me as their kin. Thus far have I been wary, and have obtained, by every means that assumes to the eyes of men a natural shape, a strong ascendency over the mind of my husband. My counsel, kindly asked, and disinterestedly given, has thus far helped to swell the fortune of Jethro, until but few in the colony may compete with him in extent of possessions. But I would be second to none; and it will be a miracle if I am not shortly the first in the colony in power, and in wealth and magnificence. Power is consequent upon wealth; then wealth must be sought by every channel, until it flows in constant and unremitting streams into my coffers. Let me but be firmly seated in the saddle, and I will ride such a race as shall make men—ay, the boasting men—stare with unfeigned wonder!"

Here Grimshaw entered, and handed his draft of the power of attorney to Miriam. Her previous train of thought had given a loftiness to her manner, and she reached out her hand to take the paper much in the way of a minister of state, full of his ideas of greatness, when he receives despatches from his drudging underclerk, to approve and to sanction them by his signature.

"It is well!" said she, casting her eyes over the contents, which were formally expressed, and gave her unlimited control over the estate and affairs of her husband. "Take it back, and make a fair copy; and be sure thou forgettest not the seal. It is a fast-binding appendage, and may not be omitted. Do thou have it ready, when I give the word to produce it, for the sign-manual of Jethro."

Evening came. It was the evening previous to the contemplated departure of Jethro Coffin; and his family

were assembled in the parlour. Jethro and Miriam maintained a sort of confidential conversation together, while Grimshaw attached himself closely to Ruth, who deigned only at times to look up from her needlework, and to answer him in crusty monosyllables. She took no pains to disguise her aversion to her would-be suitor, and ever and anon spoke to him so snappishly that the countenance of Grimshaw fell with mortification and chagrin. Young Isaac, too, was there, and lingered about the room evidently full of some design as yet undeveloped.

"Father," said he at last, breaking in upon his speech with Miriam, "thou leavest us to-morrow?"

"I do, my son," said Jethro, affectionately; "and I leave thee behind to assist thy mother in the weighty matters that will engage much of her attention while I am gone."

"O, father, may I not go with thee? I have many good reasons to urge in that behalf; and not the least is the fear of mischief from the hand of Quibby. Believe me, it will be unsafe for me to remain at home when thou art away; and I am sure my days will be spent in anxiety and peril here."

"Give thyself no uneasiness, my son, on the score of the Indian. I have obtained his commitment to one of my whale-ships, which will depart hence in a few weeks; and, therefore, thou wilt be at thy ease for three years to come, at the least."

"Three years, father!"

"Thou hast truly repeated the word. The Grampus will stop at her destined port for a season, until the Leviathan can refit at home; and I have arranged with the commanders of both vessels, that after I am left in London, they shall meet at a certain rendezvous at a given time, and thence proceed upon a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean."

"And may I not again accompany one of the ships upon the voyage? I am weary already of remaining

inactive upon this dull island. Give me thy consent, father, to follow the seas for a time—for I know I shall be unhappy and unoccupied at home."

"Not *unoccupied*, I trust," replied Jethro; "for thy mother will need thy active assistance. She is but a woman—"

Miriam smiled proudly and scornfully, but unperceived by her husband, as he gave out this insinuation touching the weakness of her sex, and of herself in particular.

"She is but a woman, my son," continued Jethro, "and thou wilt now have a good opportunity to turn thy attention to mercantile affairs, and cannot fail to promote thine own and thy father's prosperity the more, by aiding and assisting her in all that appertains to my business. Thou didst but now speak of the dangerous presence of the Indian, and, in the same breath, thou appearest willing to take thy chance with him at sea!"

"Nay," answered Isaac, who found himself unable to parry this thrust of his father, "nay, take me with thee in the Grampus, and let the Indian remain at home —or e'en suffer him to go in the Leviathan, as thou hast arranged it: it matters not about *him*, so that I am permitted once more to try the sea—"

"Thou hast said enough, Isaac," replied Jethro, firmly and decidedly; "thou canst not go to sea again until my return, which will be within the year, if Providence speeds me. Let me hear no more of thy request."

Isaac, abashed, quitted the apartment; and Miriam, intent upon carrying *her* point, took up the parole:—

"Thou hast not, Jethro, come to a final determination, in regard to thy agent for conducting thy business during thy sojourn in a foreign land."

"The hint is unnecessary, Miriam. Thy discreet conduct heretofore is sufficient guarantee for the safe ordering of my affairs; and I leave them all to thy control. The burden will prove somewhat weighty; but

it is fitting that I confide in thee, for thou hast ever proved an able and efficient helpmate in the honest furtherance of my fortunes. To whom, therefore, but to thee, could I leave the management with such assurance of fidelity and watchfulness?"

"Nay," said Miriam, and her eye sparkled while she spoke, "if such be thy will, I am content. But am I to receive no letter of instructions?"

"Thou needest none, surely: to one of less experience, I might leave instructions—but thou, Miriam, with thy well-disciplined mind, wilt require only the promptings of thy own good sense to teach thee how to act in all emergencies. The advice of friends may always be had when thou hast occasion for it; and I will speak to thy near kinsman Peleg, about doing thy behest when thou art in any strait. His experience and practical knowledge may advantage thee in matters of trade; and though somewhat odd in his ways, he is very honest and sincere in his intentions."

"But," said Miriam, "suppose men should deny my authority? Thou knowest the wife cannot bind the husband in mercantile trade; and thy business, else, while thou art away, may suffer in consequence thereof. There are times when money or credit is not to be had without a pledge; and surely none would take a warranty of any magnitude from a woman without the consent of her husband. I prithee think of some method whereby the difficulty may be avoided."

"For thy satisfaction, then," replied Jethro, "I will adopt a course to which none upon the island will take exception. I will forthwith seek out the largest dealers, and say to them that my affairs will be henceforth for a time conducted by thee; and that if pecuniary assistance be necessary—and I cannot perceive that thou wilt need any, for our means are abundant—but if assistance be lacking, I will request them to grant thee any facilities thou mayst desire, upon my sure verbal pledge to restore the borrowed sums at my return."

"Do as seemeth thee good," said Miriam; "but I would recommend a present consultation upon this subject with friend Grimshaw."

"I like not the appeal, Miriam," whispered Jethro; "he is not to my taste. I would not, upon any account, be the first to break in upon our ancient manner of conducting business, by adopting the technicalities of lawyers. Whenever the hand of a man of the law appears, it throws suspicion upon the minds of plain matter-of-fact people like our straight-forward, single-minded island race. Nevertheless, for thine own satisfaction, let us hear what he will propose."

Grimshaw was accordingly appealed to, and, having his cue from Miriam, he proposed, after much well-feigned thought, that a paper should be executed, under Jethro's hand and seal, constituting his wife agent for the transaction of his business.

"I will," said he, with well-enacted deliberation, "step to my chamber, and prepare a letter of attorney, and forthwith submit it for your perusal. It is the only safe way to give a permanent character to your affairs, or validity to your wife's transactions as your representative." With this he departed; and in proper time returned with the warrant of attorney, and placed pen and ink before Jethro, in readiness for the due execution of the paper.

"Thou hast a clerkly and expeditious hand," observed Jethro, as he glanced his eye upon the paper; "but, before I sign, I will read and ponder upon the contents." Jethro then read as follows:—

"To all to whom these presents shall come: Know ye that I, Jethro Coffin, oil-merchant, of the town of Sherburne, in the island of Nantucket, colony of the Massachusetts, commonly called the Bay Colony, send greeting:—Whereas I, the said Jethro, am about to depart for a season from the colony aforesaid, and for divers other good causes and considerations me hereunto moving, by these presents do make, ordain, author-

ize, nominate, constitute, and appoint my beloved wife, Miriam Coffin, my true and lawful attorney, to ask, demand, recover, and receive all sums of money and debts to me due and owing of whatsoever nature, and to take all lawful ways and means for the recovery thereof; and further, generally to transact my business and carry on my trade, and to manage and dispose of my estate, and to contract debts in my name, either by bond, bill, or otherwise, and to do all other acts concerning the premises, in as full a manner as I myself might or could do were I personally present at the doing thereof; and attorneys one or more under her, the said Miriam, for the purposes aforesaid, to make, and again at her pleasure to revoke: hereby ratifying and confirming, and by these presents allowing whatsoever my said attorney shall in my name do or cause to be done by virtue of these presents. In witness whereof," &c.

"Peradventure thy friends, as I have before said, may not have confidence in the management of a woman," observed Miriam, when the reading of the document was finished; "but in this warrant there is 'confirmation strong' of thy intentions. It would, therefore, be well for thee to sign the paper, lest accident should occur, or thy honest views should be misapprehended or thwarted by thy neighbours."

Jethro disliked the paper, not because it delegated power to his wife, for no man could repose greater confidence in woman than he placed in Miriam; but because the lawyer had been at work. His wife reached him a pen, and he signed the paper reluctantly. It was then witnessed by Grimshaw, who, without saying "by your leave" to Jethro, delivered it over to Miriam.

"The deed is accomplished!" exclaimed Miriam mentally, as she safely deposited the paper in her escritoire, and turned the key upon it: "the deed is done which makes or mars my fortune for the rest of my natural life!—Grimshaw!" added she, aside to him,

"thou hast done well—and now will I redeem my promise, and bestir myself in thy behalf."

For the remainder of the evening Miriam and her daughter were left alone in the parlour. Jethro retired to continue and conclude his arrangements for his departure on the morrow, and Grimshaw absented himself, under the belief that his suit would be urged with more freedom and effect in consequence of his absence.

## CHAPTER II.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes.
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Sall never berne gar breif the bill,
At bidding me to bow.
*Mourning Maiden.*

*Anglice:*—No one shall enrol the summons, which shall force me to yield to his suit.

MIRIAM was too well acquainted with her daughter's temperament to omit taking her measures warily, in approaching her upon the subject which Grimshaw had committed to her management. It was indeed a delicate task; and she feared that a proposition suddenly made and boldly advocated might frustrate the plan, which, with greater probability, would prove successful by a gradual development of her designs in favour of the lawyer. But a spark will spring a mine as easily as a brand.

"Why is it, Ruth," said Miriam, interrupting a long silence in the parlour, where both mother and daughter were intent upon their needlework,—"why is it, that to all the world else thou art obliging and courteous in thy speech and manners, while to Lawyer Grimshaw, the inmate of our house, thou art unkind and distant—nay, almost churlish?"

Gentle as was this first demonstration of Miriam, an indefinable suspicion came over the mind of Ruth, upon the utterance of so unusual a query; and the keen glance of her eyes sought to penetrate the ulterior tendency of

her mother's speech. But Ruth discovered nothing in Miriam's countenance indicative of any latent design: it was calm and unruffled as usual; and Lavater himself must have used a lens of more than ordinary power, to detect the secret workings of her schooled mind upon her brow, or the trace of plot or scheme in her unbetraying eye. She contrived, however, carelessly to throw a sidelong glance at Ruth, while bending her head to bite off the thread of her work, in order to estimate the effect of her first attempt at breaking ground.

"Why dost thou ask that question, mother?" demanded Ruth, who was impressed with a vague belief that Miriam intended more than met her ear.

"Thou takest a curious method of replying to my question, by proposing another," said Miriam; "but I will answer thee;—nay, thou dost even now curl thy lip and contract thy brow at the very mention of his name. For shame, Ruth! Hath he not ever treated us, and thee in an especial manner, with becoming civility?"

"A plague on his especial civilities!" said Ruth; "the man annoys me over-much. I cannot endure him. If thou art curious to know some of the grounds of my dislike, I am free to say that he hath neither the grace nor the spirit of a man, or he would cease to haunt my steps, and to vex me with his drawling importunities to enter into conversation with him. Let me go where I will, he is sure to intrude his unwelcome presence. In company he is always at my elbow; if I move away from him he follows me; if I speak he is sure to put in his oar; at the meeting-house he places himself in a position to pester me with his staring saucer eyes; and at home he bores me to death with his twaddle upon the state of the weather;—in short, mother, he is *particularly* disagreeable."

"For my part," replied Miriam, "I can discover in all this nothing but a desire to render himself accept

able. Thou hast yet to learn, I perceive, that a professional man, like friend Grimshaw, may claim superior consideration in society; but instead thereof, thou hast uniformly treated him with rudeness and contumely. His attainments, which so much exceed those of thy other young acquaintances, should entitle him to thy respect at least; and, above all, while he is our guest, the bounds of hospitality ought not to be infringed in thy behaviour to him, lest the world should say that we do not practise common courtesy to strangers. It would be a grievous thing to hear our family alone censured for a departure from propriety of conduct in this particular. I do not ask thee to be overstrained in thy manners towards him, for that is a fault which savours of insincerity and hypocrisy; but I pray thee to be more civil in thy speech and conduct than thou hast heretofore been. It may profit thee much hereafter."

"Mother," replied Ruth, "thou hast always taught me to be honest in my speech, and I will not now commence playing the hypocrite by deceiving thee. However favourably Grimshaw and his pretensions may appear in thy sight—with me neither his person nor his profession can have the least influence. His manners do not please me, though that may be matter of mere taste; but I am sure hat his professional abilities must be far below mediocrity, or he would not think of remaining at Nantucket, where his light must be for ever dim, for lack of the wherewithal to nourish the flame. Mother! there is more in this than thou speakest. Thou hast hinted that it may profit me hereafter to alter my demeanour towards Grimshaw: prithee tell me wherein it may advantage me to change my manner towards one so unworthy of a moment's notice."

"Thou speakest unadvisedly, when thou sayest he is unworthy of notice. The graces of his person do not commend themselves, I grant thee; for he is plain in all that may be termed outward comeliness: but dost thou estimate the cultivation of the mind as nothing?

Doth not a learned profession, as it were, ennoble the possessor? I will be serious with thee, Ruth. All women at some period of their lives think of marriage. Thou art yet young, but I have known younger women than thou to change their estate. When the proper time comes, or rather when the proper person presents himself, it is not meet to forego the opportunity and the advantage which may never again occur. Thus to throw away a pearl of price is a wicked slighting of the gifts of Providence. The young often look through a false medium in these important concerns, and suffer a wayward fancy or a childish conceit to control their election of a partner for life. The lights of age and experience should always be brought to their aid; nor ought they by any means to be slighted, for they show the way to permanent happiness and worldly honour. Grimshaw, though he be ten years thy senior, is the man whom I would select for thee—"

"What dost thou say—did I understand thee aright mother!" exclaimed Ruth in consternation.

"Hear me to the end. I would select him for thee, because of his station in life. To be the wife of *Lawyer* Grimshaw would give thee an ascendency in society which thou canst never hope to obtain by uniting thy destiny with any of the islanders. His title alone, to speak nothing of the wealth thou wouldst bring him, would place thee upon an enviable eminence, to which in our simple community all men would look up with respect and envy. What honour could a whale-fisherman bring thee?—"

"Enough—mother!—I have heard enough! And is it for this thou wouldst have me change my bearing towards him, and turn courtier to a spiritless fortune-hunter! And dost thou say that a whale-fisherman cannot bring honour! What!—not he that in noble daring challenges the world in emulation, and braves the dangers of the deep!—he that outstrips in

very deed—in the hazard of grappling with the giant of the seas—the vaunted, fabled champions of olden time! Mother! thou dost wrong to their hard-earned reputation, by comparing the gallant whale-fishermen (who, in every encounter, peril life itself) with such a crawling thing as Grimshaw. He must first try his prowess upon the seas, before he may dare to mate himself with *them* in honour or attainments!"

The eloquent blood of Ruth mantled her cheek, as she pursued the theme with honest enthusiasm. Miriam was fearful that she had gone too far; but it was now too late to recede, if she hoped to carry her point. She therefore changed her ground of attack.

"Thou hast answered me too hastily, Ruth. Reflection will come to thy aid; and I am sure, eventually, thy good sense will prevail over thy prejudices, and bring thee to think with me."

"NEVER!" said Ruth, with energy. "I can never hesitate a moment, if the alternative should be presented in my choice between this starveling lawyer and an honest islander. I pray thee let us drop this odious subject; and, as thou lovest me, never again revive it."

"Nay, child—I speak but for thy good. Hear me yet awhile: if, in thy cooler moments, thou shalt find reason in what I have said, and thou conformest to my wishes, thou shalt have a fortune set apart for thy dowry that thou little dreamest of."

"Talk not to me, mother, of a possibility of change in my thoughts. My mind is made up—and, once for all, I tell thee in all honesty I will not grant encouragement to Grimshaw, though the mines of the Indies were given me for my portion of worldly riches. I am irrevocably and unalterably resolved. Much as I respect thee—nay, *love* thee, mother—devoted as I have always been to thee, and submissive in all things—I cannot promise thee obedience in this matter."

"Thou knowest my desires, Ruth, on this head; and

for the present it is sufficient. Time may bring about a better state of mind within thee. Good-night to thee, Ruth!"

The daughter of Miriam Coffin closed not her eyes the livelong night. Her pillow was wet with tears. These were the first sorrowing hours of her life.

## CHAPTER III.

All hands unmoor!

FALCONER.

The helm, to his strong arm consigned,
Gave the reefed sail to meet the wind:
And, on her altered way,
Fierce bounding forward sprung the ship,—
Like greyhound starting from the slip,—
To seize the flying prey!

*Lord of the Isles.*

———Deep and dark-blue Ocean!—
They sink into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave—unknell'd—uncoffin'd—and unknown!

BYRON.

"GIVE way, my lads—give way!" exclaimed the first officer of the Grampus, in the sailor-phrase of encouragement to his boat's crew, as they hurriedly pushed off from the wharf at Sherburne. The oars were briskly plied; and soon rounding the extremity of Brant Point —the little sandy arm that embraces the harbour,— the clinker-built whale-boat was brought to head in the direction of the ship in the outer roadstead.

"Give way, my hearties—the breeze freshens—and see!—they are sheeting home the topsails, and loosing the courses and topgallant-sails. She is a-stay-peak, and we have no time to lose. Give way merrily, and with a will!"

The men stretched to their oars in good earnest: the light boat skimmed over the water—the spray parting and curling at her bow in white crested foam.

"Pull—ye lubbers—pull!" shouted the skipper impatiently through his trumpet, from the quarterdeck of the ship; "we are losing this fine breeze, and all for your having tarried too long!"

The sharp whale-boat sheared up on the lee-side of

the vessel. The oars were instantly unshipped, and snugly piled; and the bowman with his boat-hook caught hold of one of the eye-bolts on the side of the Grampus. The mate sprang into the chains, and the boat was veered aft under the lee-quarter. The boat-tackles being ready overhauled, the little craft soon dangled from the davits. The topsails were now hoisted up; the head-yards braced one way, and the after-yards the other. The windlass was manned; and, after a few hard tugs at the handspikes, and a few rat-tling clangs of the pawls, the anchor was tripped, and presently the stock was seen above the water.

The jib was now run up, to pay off the ship's head; and that done, the captain gave the commands, in quick succession—"Fill the head-yards"—"Hard up the helm"—"Board the fore-tack"—"Cat and fish the anchor"—"Haul out the spanker"—"Sheet home and hoist topgallant-sails." But it is not necessary to explain these orders to the landsman, and the sailor will not be amused by the elucidation. The principal sails being spread, and catching the full force of

"A breeze from the northward free,"

the ship began to feel the weight of her canvass; and, as the mainsail fell, a heavy ripple swelled beneath her bows as she gathered way. The men were now all called aft, to "splice the main brace;" and you may be sure that no order is obeyed by the sailor with more alacrity than this—which, by a free translation, means the partaking of a stiff glass of grog.

"And now, for England-ho!" exclaimed Jethro Coffin, with enthusiasm, as the breeze freshened and the ship heeled down to the wind.

"Ay—for old England—merry old England!" responded Seth.

The corners of the last available sail being stretched out upon the yard, the bustle of getting under way presently subsided. The ropes about deck were coiled

up, and the sailors, one after another, as they finished their several tasks, disappeared from the deck to arrange their kit in the forecastle. Before the night closed in, and ere a brilliant July sun sank in the western wave, to rise on the morrow with undimmed and undying lustre, the Grampus, holding an easterly direction, had "run down" the island; and its last visible objects, apparently growing out of the sea,—the new lighthouse, windmills, and all—had sunk beneath the horizon.

"Farewell!" said Jethro, "farewell, brave little island!—all sand as thou art, thou hast nevertheless been bountiful and fruitful in my behalf!"

The musing of the captain was of a different cast. "By my right hand, but she is a beautiful craft!" exclaimed he, while watching the log running briskly from the reel, by which he found nine knots indicated for her speed.

"Swear not, Seth," quietly replied Jethro. But while he thus admonished the captain, as in duty bound, a sly twinkle of triumph might have been detected in his eye. The doubting and half-unconscious skipper gazed over the tafferel, as if he questioned the truth of the log; but he saw the ripple and foam swiftly whirling past under the ship's counter, at a rate that he had seldom witnessed in other vessels, even when scudding before a gale. Jethro sat down upon the hencoop, and watched his captain with a silent but gratified chuckle, while he appeared to be experimenting in the progress and facilities of the ship.

"Does she steer well?" demanded Seth of his timoneer.

"Like a lily!" was the reply of the man at the helm; "no use for the tiller-ropes, you see!"

"Let me feel how she behaves," said the captain, taking hold of the helm: "thou sayest well; a child might steer her with a thread."

But all speculation was ended in the course of a few days. After trying the ship by-and-large, her powers

of sailing became well ascertained, and the novelty of the vessel wore away; and when her rigging, which had stretched because of its newness, had been well set up, the seamen began to give signs of having nothing to do. Some listlessly stretched themselves about the forecastle in sunny weather; others idly threw their bodies at full length in some shady nook about deck, out of the way of observation, but within call at a moment's notice. The best sailor in the world will sometimes skulk in good weather; but it is only your land-lubber, or some old jack-tar who has outlived his professional pride, that will attempt to steal away from his duty in a storm, or when danger menaces.

On a bright sunny day, when the voyage had well progressed towards its conclusion, some half-dozen loiterers, sheltered from the sun by the friendly shade of the foresail, were gathered together, in the attitude of listening to a long yarn, spun out by an old weather-beaten sailor who had seen service in the navy of England. Bill Smith, for that was the name of the tar, had knocked about a great deal in the world, and was now on his return to his native country, after an absence of many years, "to anchor at last," as he expressed himself, "among his shore-friends and messmates, who, like himself, were past service." Bill's stories always told well among the crew; and whenever he wanted a can of grog, or a plug of negrohead, he had only to signify his wants and to promise a yarn to obtain the gratification of rum and tobacco. A slender youth, apparently one of the crew before the mast, was always principal listener; and it might have been observed, also, that he was always principal purveyor of those choice commodities of the sailor. The reader may presently surmise in what manner he obtained his supplies, and, in *tailor* phrase, may also give a shrewd guess as to whose stock *suffered*;—but all in good time.

"Come, Bill!" said the stripling; "grog and tobacco ahead; come, spin us a yarn, and then—dost see here?"

The youth held up a replenished can, and the promised pigtail. The bait was tempting enough, but Bill always preferred being paid beforehand for speechifying.

"Nay, nay," said the boy; "thou gettest it not this time before the story is told; thou hast tricked me more than once. Come!—the story, and *then* the grog."

"I'm damn'd if you do though," said Bill. "It's no go, d'ye see—you don't catch old birds with sich chaff. Tip us the can, my boy; grog first, to set my recollection afloat—and yarn afterward."

Bill prevailed, as might be expected. He did not draw breath until he saw Moll Tompson's mark; and then, ramming a fresh quid of the boy's tobacco into his left cheek, he carefully deposited the rest in his seal-skin pouch.

"Well," said Bill, "come to anchor hereaway out of the sun, and you shall hear some of my young adventures. When I was a hop-o'-my-thumb, about your size, d'ye see, I ran away from my good old parents—God rest their souls! they are dead now—I ran away, d'ye see, and went aboard a man-o'-war. I was sick enough of that spree for a while; but, presently, I changed all my metal buttons for horn,—soon learned to tie my Barcelona in a 'damn-your-eyes knot,'—stuffed my spare toggery into a canvass bag,—got to liking lobscous better nor any other dish, and fancied myself every inch a sailor. But—the fact o' the thing is, d'ye see,—I don't much like to talk over them times; for it makes me, somehow, always feel queer about the eyes. I was a great fool—that's a fact—to run away as I did; and, would you believe it, my old parents grieved themselves to death on my account; and, d'ye see, if you likes, I'll belay there, and spin you a yarn about the battle off Gibraltar, in which I sarved."

The eyes of the youth glistened with delight in anticipation of a story of naval warfare, which Bill knew so well how to varnish up and deliver. He was glad, too, that the subject was changed; and he did not care

to hear of the regrets of Bill's youthful days—for [illegible] boy, too, was a runaway!

"You must know," said Bill, "[illegible] cawen was sent out with a fleet in the year '97* to [illegible] the French, d'ye see. We had been cruising a [illegible] out of the Gut for a long while, without making [illegible] money enough to shush a parnip—when one day the man at the mast-head of the [illegible] sung out that a fleet was bearing down for us. My eyes—but that was just what we wanted. It proved to be a heavy French fleet, of twelve sail of the line and some frigates, that had escaped out of the harbour of Toulon. Toulon, d'ye see, is in France, on the coast of the Mediterranean. Well, d'ye see, we were all lying at Gibraltar, refitting, d'ye see: for we had had a brush with some of the Frenchmen a-Tuesday, trying to cut 'em out; but they couldn't: man and d'ye see—and so, somehow or other, we were obliged to sail off a little to repair damages, you know. Well, the old Admiral, d'ye see, weighed anchor in a jiffy, and the old America, and the Warspite, and the Namur, and a dozen others, more or less, followed of course. Away we smashed upon the mountains with all sail for the Barbary coast,—thinking to get in a course and have to run out of the Gut at night. But I wouldn't do, d'ye see. The old Admiral—he never a bit afraid of any man under a pea-jacket—the old Admiral, d'ye see, in the Namur, was the first to come up with their headmost ship; but he took no more of her than one broadside at him with a broadside or two in return. But he didn't mind that, d'ye see: and he pounced on it like a grapple with the French Admiral in the Le Orient in the bay Oshong (*Ocean*). It mought ha been night when d'ye see—"

"Forward, there!" shouted the first mate of the Grampus, in a tone which reached the ears of a dozen idlers upon the forecastle. The rise of morning was one

* See Hume's History of England.

short, and they started into view of the officer with a ready "Ay, ay, sir!" Bill had indoctrinated the Quaker crew with good manners, as he called it, and taught them all to say "*sir*" to the officers.

The mate had been looking with the spyglass, and observed a sail to windward.

"Jump aloft, one of you who has good eyes, and tell me what you make out of that craft with the suspicious rake in her masts, on our weather-bow!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" they again sung out, in full chorus; and away several scampered up the shrouds, pell-mell. Among the rest was perceived the slight figure of the lad, who ascended with remarkable agility, and left the others far behind. The mate could scarcely credit what he saw, and gazed aloft in amazement.

"What boy is that, steward," said the mate, "that runs up the rigging so, like a squirrel?"

The dark-complexioned functionary who was thus addressed looked out at the corner of his eye rather sheepishly at the mate; and seemed debating with himself whether he should tell the truth at once, or practise deceit upon his superior officer. At length, after scratching his head, and looking aloft in well-pretended wonder, he answered,—

"Don't know, massa—can't tell, I declare, who dat leetel chap be. My conscience, how he do run up de riggin!"

"Don't know!" repeated the mate; "I'll be bound you *do* know who he is, and where he comes from. We had no boy on board, to my knowledge, when we left home. Who is he, sir?" demanded the mate, peremptorily.

Thus beset, the steward could see no means of escape, and answered, "De men, I believe, sir, stowed young Isaac Coffin away in de fo'castle; and I *guess* it be he: I don't know 'zactly, but I tink it mus' be young massa Isaac."

"I thought as much when I saw his peculiar spring

upon the rigging. Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said the mate, decidedly puzzled how to act in the premises. He was in doubt whether to convey the information at once to the captain, whose watch was at that time below, or to let him make the discovery for himself. He adopted the latter course.

"Maintopgallant, there!" hailed the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Isaac, in as gruff a voice as he could muster for the occasion.

"What sort of craft is that to windward? and how is she standing?"

"It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms," replied Mr. Maintopgallant; "and she is bearing down upon us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, which you can make out from the deck with the glass; and, by the flash and the smoke she makes, she has just fired a gun."

Presently a dull, heavy report came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the side of the ship. The glass was bent upon the approaching schooner, whose hull had not yet entirely risen out of the water. Her flag was found to be French!

"Steward—call the captain!" cried the mate, in alarm: "forward, there!—call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" echoed along the deck, and every sailor stood ready at his post for prompt action.

Seth and Jethro now appeared on deck, wondering not a little at the uncommon stir on board, and surprised to find every man ready, whenever the word should be given, to put the ship on a new direction.

"What does all this mean, mate?" demanded the captain; "why wouldst thou change the course of the ship?"

"I did not intend to do so without your concurrence," replied the mate; "but I thought it best to have every thing ready for prompt manœuvring. We have a suspicious-looking sail on our weather-bow, and

she shows French colours. By the rake of her masts, I should not be surprised to find her a clipper, with a long-tom amidships; for she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbour for us, surely," said the captain; "especially if she should prove one of those piratical rascals that sometimes cut up our commerce. Keep her away, and see if she follows us," continued he, lowering the point of his glass.

Away went the Grampus with a free wind, snorting, as it were, like a racehorse, and ploughing handsomely through the seas on her altered way.

"What!—Isaac *here!*" exclaimed Jethro, in amazement. He approached his son, who had by this time become thoroughly weary of remaining *perdu* in the forecastle, and was now as busy as the rest about the deck. "What art thou doing here? Where hast thou been? How camest thou here, I say? Surely I forbade thee coming on board the Grampus for this voyage; and thou hast dared to disobey me, boy! Thou hast been greatly and unpardonably disobedient, Isaac!"

"I know it, father," said Isaac; "but indeed I could not remain with safety where that Indian dwells. Knowing thee gone, he would have been the death of me on the first opportunity. Pity he had not been left alone, when I did the job for him in the water!—But Captain Seth *would* roll him upon the barrel, and he must needs bring him to life again!"

"Thy apology is not sufficient," said the father; "thou knowest that the Selectmen had agreed, before my departure, to send Quibby to sea in the first whaleship that should sail from the island. Thou shouldst have been content with that arrangement, and remained at home to comfort thy mother. Go to, Isaac—thou hast done very wrong."

The conversation was not further prolonged, in consequence of the emergency at hand, which called every man to his duty; and Jethro walked aft, vexed and sor-

rowful; but eventually he acquiesced in gratifying the strong propensity of his son for the sea. Isaac, in the mean time, was much relieved, and felt lighter at heart now that all had been discovered. He slid out of his father's sight among the sailors, who had anxiously watched the result of the interview. His unbounded and boyish joy showed itself by his cutting antic capers on the forecastle, and by his jumping on the backs of the jack-tars. In truth, he merited the rope's-end twenty times, in half as many minutes, for his tricks upon his companions. But Isaac was a favourite among the sailors, and they were all as glad as he to find the first interview over, and no great harm done.

The Frenchman steered for, and gained gradually and steadily upon, the Grampus; and the event was most anxiously looked for by all on board. The ship, deeply laden as she was with oil, was of great value, and, as Seth thought, eminently worth preserving. But the Frenchmen were determined she should change owners; for they managed their little craft with great skill, and altered their course in chase whenever Macy changed his. The breeze was brisk, and suited the schooner to a crack; while the laden ship, though the fleetest of her class, could not show her heels to advantage without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack, but escape was impossible; the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now would I give the half of our cargo," said Macy, "for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!" And then turning to Jethro, he said, rather bitterly, "Dost thou remember, friend Coffin, what I told thee about the six-pounders, before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice. There comes salute number *two* !"

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman across the bow of the Grampus; but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a

warning to heave-to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering, as he went, words that sounded very much like "*damnation*," and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro; for he forbore to put in his usual caution of "*Swear not at all!*" as he was wont to do whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The Grampus was now kept off two or three points, and a foretopmast-studdingsail was about being set; but, in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom, and reeve the tack anew. In an instant little Isaac, who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore-shrouds, crept out on the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out upon the bare boom. But before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchmen brought their long-tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac; thinking, probably, that his labour might be the means of enabling the Grampus to escape. The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

"They are again charging the gun!" shouted English Bill. "Come down, my boy! Creep in! creep in! Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run!"

"Ay, ay!" cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the forecastle, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering,—

"The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands!"

"Hah! my little younker! my eyes, but you're a

brave 'un! You'll be an admiral yet—d'ye see!" exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterward. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:—

"Turn again, Whittington—
Lord-mayor of great London!"

The hasty strides of Seth were agai n arrested by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

"By heaven!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo without a deadly struggle!"

"Swear not!" said Jethro; "it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly! didst thou say?—and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated wild bull at bay. "Put down the helm, indeed! Pray, neighbour Jethro, who is the commander of the Grampus—thou or I?" demanded Seth, in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceeding wroth.

Jethro answered calmly, "*Thou* surely art her captain, and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship if thou canst; *but thou canst not.* We have no means of defence, and if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro! my resolution is taken—I will save this ship, or sink in her. What! yield to that little gadfly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our ongboat!"

Another shot, better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

"There, Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate—and an earnest of what we may all expect if taken!"

"Yield thee, Seth—yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people."

"Thou hadst better go below, Jethro—*I* must command here. Yield, indeed! the ship shall sink first!" muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

"Stand by there, men!" shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

"Get the longboat ready to be launched at a moment's warning—clear away the quarter-boats, and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!"

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers, having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for, mistaking the manœuvring of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, the schooner was hove-to, and seemed to await the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding-to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and

gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern,—"Let go all the braces and bowlines—slack off sheets and tacks—and square the yards quickly!" This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee-quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed, and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman! The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchman failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway—"if—nay, hear me, Seth!—for the sake of humanity, if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives!"

"Stand by to lower the boats!" vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew, as they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time!"

The little schooner still lay-to, in the trough of a deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge bulk of the Grampus mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"*Miséricorde!*" exclaimed a hundred voices.

A wild scream of despair, heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of the ship, burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the Grampus, thundering upon the pri-

vateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidships! The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with all her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the longboat!" shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery death.

Thy ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin; and, Seth, thou didst sacrifice a hecatomb of human beings for thy preservation!

## CHAPTER IV.

Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Go—take this shape, and hither come in't.
*The Tempest.*

Old Ocean, hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
*The Shipwreck.*

The play's the thing!
*Hamlet.*

It was once upon a time said within our hearing by a Cockney, in a boasting vein, that "Lunnun vent a-valkin out of town every day;" and the saying was literally true. There are many old towns in England whose population remains numerically stationary, and whose buildings are never renovated. The end of the century finds all things about the same as when it had a beginning; and the people seem merely to come into life to vegetate, and to become extinct, or give place to successors, on the same spot where their ancestors from time immemorial had done the same things, pursued the same callings, and had, finally, given up the ghost in the same quiet manner. It is not so, however, with the great city of London, and its eternally shifting people; who increase and multiply in a ratio which could not have been contemplated even by Malthus himself. From half a million inhabitants (and that was not far from the number at the time we write of), it has gradually gone on in its daily journey of "walking out of town," until its population has been tripled in little more than half a century. And who can say that that

vast hive of human beings shall not, in fifty years to come, be again tripled in its people? But let that pass. We must shortly enter into some of the scenes of the great city, and carry a portion of our *dramatis personæ* along with us.

In good time the good ship Grampus found her way up the Thames. The fame of her recent exploit was soon talked of in high places and in low places, on the Rialto as well as in the pot-houses and beer-shops of the great metropolis; insomuch that she became an object of the greatest curiosity to everybody who had the least particle of that pardonable failing to be excited. The deck of the ship, which exhibited in its construction the novelty of being *flush* fore and aft, or without obstruction from stem to stern, was crowded with the gay and the beautiful, the wealthy and the powerful, the high and the low; not forgetting a goodly sprinkling of the real salt-water English sailor, with his tar-glazed pauling, black Barcelona, clean check shirt, secured at the bosom by the bight of a bright-bladed jack-knife, and sporting his white duck trousers, blue roundabout, with three rows of buttons on a side, and long-quartered pumps. It would not have been at all English, if, at any hour of the day, all this motley assortment of people of high and low degree could not be seen passing and repassing upon the deck of the Grampus, and, as occasion served, evincing a deep interest in all that occurred worthy of note in the nautical or commercial world.

The English have always been "a nation of shopkeepers;"* and necessarily, from their geographical position, addicted to commerce. Any improvement in naval architecture was therefore likely to attract attention. The new, and since that time approved, model of the Grampus, together with the reputation she had obtained in sinking the French privateer, gained admiration on all hands; and the names of Captain Seth

* Napoleon Bonaparte.

Macy, and Jethro Coffin the owner, were in the mouths of everybody. Indeed, the metropolis being in want of a *lion*, or something new and strange for the town to talk about, the Grampus and her queer-looking owner and commander offered themselves in the nick of time, as candidates for the high honour of being *the rage*.

The rival theatres, to wit, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, were then in the full blast of *un*-successful experiment, in the financial way, as they have always been before and since the days of Garrick; and, even in *his* time, his treasurer was caught with "pockets to let" occasionally. The recent exploit of the Grampus was too good, and too likely to "*draw*," to be passed without dramatizing. Old Drury first seized upon the bright idea; and forthwith the bills presented the following underlining in large letters, intended to forestall the theatrical market—to wit:—

"The new Nautico-Pantomimical Drama of *The Devil and the Deep Sea*, or *The Nantucket Adventure*, founded upon the wonderful escape of the colonial ship Grampus (now in the port of London) from a French privateer, is in active preparation, and will shortly be produced, with new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations. The part of the Sea-enchantress by *Miss Nancy Dawson*, who will sing a new song, written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Samuel Johnson—the music by Handel, —and will give an entire new exhibition, in character, called the *Padlock Dance*."

All theatres have had their pet actresses in their time; that is to say, females who, for some reason or other which it would be difficult and perhaps impossible to ascertain, have become general favourites with the public, and who occasionally take the liberty to presume egregiously upon the good-nature and the good taste of that same community. Of this class was the celebrated and, we may add, notorious Nancy Dawson —a *figurante* of the first water upon the London boards. She was truly a beautiful creature to look at; and that

qualification (we might almost venture, in these days of puff and paste, to call it accomplishment) was her chief attraction. Of talent she had very little; but of tact a large cargo. "But," as the father of a celebrated American comic actor has said, "give me de pretty voman for de actrice, and d—n de talent. I shall bring much more *argent* to my theatre wis de bootiful female who vill not say von single vord, than you shall wis de best actrice in de vorld, if she is *not* bootiful—*bigar!*"

Nancy Dawson was a true English beauty, and a spoiled one to boot. She was rather over than under the middle size; her form lusciously full and round, without any inclination to embonpoint; her eyes large, liquid, and laughing, and blue withal; her complexion, without the aid of cosmetics, was naturally what too many beauties strive to attain by the aid of art,—namely, "pure red and white," as we Americans say, and running so softly and so gently into one another, that the red, which predominated where it should be uppermost, on her cheek, faded away into alabaster whiteness about the forehead, neck, and bosom. Her bust was altogether faultless; and, though strictly feminine, her chest was broad at the shoulders, but tapering to a most delicately slender waist, which partook almost of ethereality. And such a heavenly swelling bosom!—

> "Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
> Which thy frozen bosom bears,—
> On whose tops the pinks that grow
> Are of those that April wears!"
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

"And did Will Shakspeare write and indite that verse?"

"He did. But Johnson and Steevens, in their 'last *corrected* edition,' have taken the liberty to *cut* it. It has, very properly, been restored in a little volume of 'The Beauties of Shakspeare.'"

"Then, I say, Will Shakspeare must have seen Nancy Dawson at her toilet."

"Pshaw! Listen to my description—will you?"

"I *have* listened till my mouth waters! But pray go on:—what sort of drumsticks had she?"

"Drumsticks!—oh—ah!—*trotters*, you mean. Beautiful, sir, beautiful!—especially when she donned the male attire: fine ample hips, small knee, tapering calf, delicate ankle, and a foot almost Chinese! She was a speaking beauty—a very Venus de Medicis in every limb and feature. Ah, sir! those bare arms of Apollo Belviderean roundness—and that lady's hand of lily whiteness and chiselled perfection! But her nose and mouth were the prettiest things in the world; and her teeth—fine, large, white pegs of ivory, regular as a regiment at evening parade; and not any of your baby teeth, sir! She could sing, and dance, and captivate a stoic in a trice. Take her by-and-large, she looked for all the world like—"

"No matter whom she looked like, sir; I have her already pictured in 'my mind's eye, Horatio;' and, you may be sure, I have raised up an image there that you will spoil outright if you attempt to give it a 'local habitation and a name.' Better leave it to the imagination, sir!"

But the play—ay, "the play's the thing."

The eventful evening came at last, when Jethro and Seth's adventures were to be shown up at the theatre. The house was crowded from gallery to pit; so much excitement had the doings of the Grampus created in the minds of the London multitude. The stage-box had been reserved—not for the critics, gentle reader—but for Jethro Coffin, and Seth Macy, and the crew of the Grampus! It was an ill-advised location for the comfort of Jethro and his party, who were of course novices in theatricals; for much of the illusion of the scene is destroyed by the position of the spectator in the stage-box, who, from necessity, is thus made the unwilling witness of many of the preparatory measures of actors and scene-shifters, which it were better

not to see. But the place had been chosen by the manager because *he* thought it the best box in the house; and, like all other managers, he therefore believed that all the world must be of the same opinion with himself. It was so far the best upon this occasion, that the powerful blaze of the foot lights enabled the audience to get a full and a better view of the Jonathan-looking boys, who had performed the bold action which was about being commemorated in mimic display on the stage, than if they had been placed in the front of the theatre.

Jethro and Seth were slowly pacing the quarter-deck of the Grampus in the London dock, when the (to them) strange message of the Drury Lane manager, couched, however, in becoming terms, and directed to "Jethro Coffin, esquire," was handed to them. The messenger rather doubtingly gave the epistle to the man in the Quaker hat who answered to the name and superscription of "Jethro Coffin," but who peremptorily denied the "*esquire*" at the end of it. He was about returning it as a misdirection; but the messenger was among the missing. The note ran as follows:—

"To Jethro Coffin, esquire, and Captain Seth Macy, of the good ship Grampus, of America.

"*Gentlemen*,—The manager of Drury Lane Theatre presents his compliments to Mr. Coffin and Captain Macy, and begs leave to inform them that the brilliant affair in which they were the principal actors, and wherein the brave crew of the Grampus have covered themselves with so much glory (at the expense of his majesty's inveterate enemies the French), having been dramatized and got up at great cost, will, this evening, as they may have observed by the bills of the day, be represented at the theatre for the first time. The manager, although he has not the honour of being personally known to the gentlemen whom he thus presumes to address, takes the opportunity to enclose a printed bill of

the entertainments of the evening, and also an order for the admission of Mr. C. and Captain M., and all or any of the crew of the Grampus who may have leave of absence from the ship for this occasion. An entire box has been reserved for the reception of Mr. Coffin, Captain Macy, and their friends, which will accommodate about thirty persons; and it is at their service for the night. Permit the undersigned to add, that they will confer an honour upon him and the establishment which he controls, if they will deign to favour the place with their presence at the hour designated in the bill.

"DAVID GARRICK."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Jethro to Seth, after a second perusal of the manager's epistle, and a most careful reading of the play-bill, both of which he handed over to the captain.

"It passeth my understanding," replied the captain, who had never before probably heard of a play or a theatre. "Let us look into it more narrowly, however; perhaps it may be a letter of invitation from one of thy correspondents to spend the evening with him, and it may possibly make against thy fortunes if thou shouldst not embrace the opportunity of going."

"I have no correspondent of the name of Garrick; though, as he speaks of himself in the light of 'manager,' he may, peradventure, be the principal clerk or agent of the house, and has forgotten to advise me of the name of the firm. The bill of parcels he speaks of is none of the clearest to my comprehension; and the items, whether on sale at his warehouse, or for shipment for America, do not appear to be arranged with that precision and brevity which betoken a well-instructed merchant. Let me again look over its contents—

"'Sea-beach—Moonlight—Clouds in the distance—A heavy sea—'

"Why, Seth," continued Jethro, "these must be some

paintings or designs—such as I have seen in Boston, in the picture-gallery of friend Hutchinson, the colonial governor: but let us proceed with the invoice.

"'Flourish of drums—beating to quarters on board the French rover—signal gun—French ensign—long-tom amidships—heaving-to—ship bearing down—Captain Shadbelly—'

"I cannot make out the import of this farrago," said Jethro to Seth; "but, to be on the sure side of the question, it may be well to call up the crew at the hour spoken of, and take them to the place appointed. We shall be strong enough to look down the London cut-purses, who are numerous, if they should have planned the cunningly devised fable to despoil us of our property. It may, after all, be meant as a neighbourly civility to ourselves and the crew; so even let them have their beards shaven, Seth; and a clean shirt apiece will not be amiss in anticipation of Banian-day."

Long before the drawing up of the curtain at Drury Lane, the house began to fill rapidly; and when Jethro, piloted by some good-natured citizen to the place, gained the entrance of the lobby, followed in good order by Seth and his crew of thirty men, the bystanders tittered outright; and the English tars, who were crowding the house to witness the nautical display, saluted each other with various exclamations, indicative of surprise at the sight of the Quakers.

"My eyes, Bill, what chaps them be!" said one old sailor to his neighbour: "did you ever see sich queer toggery?"

At this moment the ears of Jethro were assailed by the noise from the orchestra, where the musicians were tuning their instruments; and the catcalls of the gallery, answered by those of the crowded pit in not very gentle echoes, struck him all aback. He hesitated, and thus held communion with the captain:—

"I misdoubt much, Seth, but that we are in the house of the dragon!"

"As how?" demanded the captain; who, having heard of the "*wild beasteses*," as the Cockneys call them, that were kept in the Tower, was trying to force his ideas by a circumbendibus, as he afterward said, so as to associate the "*dragon*" spoken of by Jethro with the scene and the throng of well-dressed people before him.

"Yea, friend Seth," continued Jethro, "the house of the dragon—the very temple of Sathanus—the playhouse of Beelzebub!"

"Dost think this grand building, which is large enough to lodge the king in, is what people call the playhouse? In America, thou knowest, we have no playhouses; and therefore, Jethro, since we *are* here, I should like to look at one. If we do not see some of the sights of London, we shall have nothing to tell of in the long winter evenings at home. Let us enter, and see the upshot on't."

"I fear me, Seth, that thy curiosity will be the means of causing me to break through one of my established rules of life—namely, that when abroad my conduct shall be such precisely as it is at home, in word and deed. I would not be reproached at home by the brethren, for my conduct abroad. Nevertheless, since we *are* here, as thou say'st, and as men of established character, such as thou and I, do not run much risk of defilement in a place we know so little about, I agree to remain for half an hour with thee. But remember, Seth, the morality of the people of the Grampus is in thy keeping; and thou must render account to Friends, if thou dost suffer an abuse to creep in upon their conduct."

The box-keeper, who had overheard a portion of this conversation, being instructed to afford those who should hail from the Grampus a fitting reception, ostentatiously led the way to "*Box No.* 1;" and with mock parade stowed away the crew, while he chuckled inwardly at the oddness of the costume of both master and men. Great care was taken by the wicked box-keeper to place

Jethro and Seth in the front row, so that their broad beavers—much broader than those of the crew—should shadow forth conspicuously, and to advantage.

The ancient Friends of Nantucket, whether eating or worshipping, and particularly upon public occasions, declined removing their hats, "upon *principle*." We have never heard a better reason given for the principle, or the custom, than that assigned by Jethro to his neighbour in the next box, whose sight was obstructed by his inconvenient drab sombrero. Politely tapping with the end of his rattan upon Jethro's crown, the stranger gave the admonitory cry of "*Hats off!*" as is the custom in some of the theatres: but the admonition was unheeded by Jethro, until the assault upon his head was repeated, with a direct request to remove his hat.

"Friend," answered Jethro, sternly, "I have always found my head to be the best of pegs whereon to hang my hat. Take thine own off, if thou find'st it inconvenient; but mine shall remain where thou seest it, unless forcibly removed; and in that case, my body must remove with it."

There was a spice of the devil in Jethro's eye as he made this speech; and his dander or his Ebenezer was evidently up. Taking example from Jethro, not a hat was removed from the heads of the thirty-and-*odd* men in the box; and they sat the sitting out with their beavers on.

The attention bestowed by the audience upon the costume of the Grampus's crew naturally led the spectators to inquire who the strange animals were that were crowded and huddled together, like so many sheep, in the fashionable stage-box. The manager, who was earnest and sincere in his civilities, had taken care that their names and quality should be correctly given to all such inquiries; and "for this night *only*" (as the play-bills have it), it may reasonably be inferred that the actors on the stage received less notice, and less applause, than the visiters in the stage-box. When it came to be

known about the house that these were the brave and hardy people whose bold and surprising action the audience were assembled to see performed again in miniature, cheer followed cheer in quick succession, and they were greeted, with much good-will, by various demonstrations of hearty applause. It is true, the uproar was sometimes occasioned as much by the singular appearance of the strangers, as by the enthusiasm created by the wonderful feat of the Grampus; but, in the main, the audience wished to testify their respect to the Americans.

It came to pass, however, that Miss Nancy Dawson felt aggrieved by the attention bestowed upon the people in the side-box, which drew off a large share of the admiration that she had been accustomed to receive from the play-goers. Vexed at this division of applause between herself and the *drabs*, in which the larger proportion was given to the latter, she swore a woman's oath, and eventually took a woman's revenge upon Jethro, to the great and uproarious amusement of pit and gallery; and she afterward became a greater favourite than ever in consequence thereof.

The green curtain was "rung up;" and the orchestra played "God save the King;" in which the actors on the stage, and the audience, uncovered (all but Jethro and his party), joined heartily, and with an earnestness and seriousness that appeared quite devotional. When it was finished, and the bustle had subsided, Jethro turned to Seth, and observed that, "Though string-ed instruments were an abomination, yet this display was not so *very* bad;" and he added, "I shall speak more reverently of the fiddle for ever hereafter, for the noble music it hath made to my ears to-night.—But what have we here? What a waste of oil, Seth!"

The glare of the foot-lights elicited the last remark of Jethro.

"Ay, neighbour," said Seth, "but the extravagance

brings grist to our mill; and therefore e'en let them burn oil by the cask, or by the cargo, if they will."

A blaze of powerful light, reflected from a thousand lamps, and most painful to the unpractised eye, was thrown upon the stage, illuminating the tinsel scenery of a rich background, resembling a coral cave, with piles of glittering conchs, and the natural treasures of the deep sea, with which the story-books fill the caves of mermaids and water-nymphs. The side-scenes represented the green water, with well-defined goldfish, and fanciful sea-monsters, so admirably delineated by the painter as almost to deceive the critical London pit and gallery, who are up to all sorts of traps of this sort. A round of hearty applause rewarded the painter for his skill; and it was never better merited. And now commenced the "Nautico-Pantomimic Drama of the Devil and the Deep Sea, or the Nantucket Adventure."

First there was heard a chorus from invisible water-sprites, and then a response from the head she-dragon of the cave, warbled at the wings by Miss Nancy Dawson, whose clear ballad-voice was heard distinctly in every part of the house. As the chant ceased, she made her entrance upon the stage, bedecked and bedizened after a style peculiar to those *artistes* who assume to be mermaid-milliners, and who, of course, consider the greatest approach to nudity the nearest approach to the perfection of their art. Pirouetting to the music, and displaying a well-shaped leg, which, as her over-dress was looped up, she took no care to conceal, she waved her silver wand gracefully over her head, beckoning on her mates—and then, by various equivocal contortions of the body, calculated to display the charms of her person to advantage, she gently turned her back to the people, and peered languishingly over her bare shoulder at the audience, which she scanned in the most *nonchalante* way imaginable.

Jethro cast his eyes to the earth. It appeared to him not the most modest exhibition in the world—and in-

deed bordering on the lascivious. But still there was fascination in the scene. Had Jethro lived to witness the short *commons* and the other short comings of the Parisian dancers now passing current in America, he would have remembered Nancy Dawson the actress as a personification of modesty itself in the contrast! The other grot-fairies pirouetted also, and sidled in, and along, and about, until they formed a brilliant semicircle behind their queen: and a queen she did look like—and would have illustrated the description given of the majestic appearance of Calypso among her nymphs; excepting that, perhaps, Miss Nancy Dawson had rather more of the "dainty Ariel" cast of form than Fénélon has vouchsafed to bestow upon his magnificent island goddess.

The "*Tempest*" of Shakspeare was drawn upon heavily this night for more things than a dainty "Ariel;" and well would it be if that incomparable model of the Bard of Avon should be drawn upon oftener,—even to the enactment of the entire original, when submarine caverns, and doings beneath the "deep sea," are planned by managers.

Suffice it to say, that this prelude of "spirits of the vasty deep" was intended to represent to the audience certain preparatory rites around the altar of David Jones, Esquire,—the Neptune of the sailor,—at whose shrine the spirits of a hundred Frenchmen were doomed to do penance, after their bodies had been sacrificed to appease his wrath. Old Neptune, towering in a mighty passion at the invasion of his realm by a French cock-boat, was shown up in good style to the audience, who, being mostly British, were hugely delighted with the conceit, which the artist or the author had arranged to represent, in the august person of Neptune, the tutelary genius of Old England, having exclusive command and dominion over the seas. A most sonorous curse was pronounced by the water-god upon the heads of the "*Mounseers*;" and his altar was thereupon lit up with

red and blue fires, to the great annoyance of Jethro's olfactory organ; and then the scene and the actors vanished together.

It is a sight worth witnessing, to observe the effect of a well-managed scenic display at the theatre upon the mind and muscles of a novice. Jethro Coffin was astonished and bewildered at all he saw. His eyes swelled out like saucers, and his nether jaw hung down in wonderment, wide enough to have taken in a half-peck loaf; while his hands were grasped like a vice to the hand-railing of the box, and the perspiration rolled like peas down his forehead.

"Didst ever see the like!" exclaimed Jethro, as the scene vanished from the stage.

"Powerful, powerful!" responded Seth. And hereupon, with a sly wink to his chief mate, who sat in the rear of Jethro, Seth ventured to hint to his patron that the half-hour was fully up, although the glittering scene had seemed but a minute in passing. "It is time to go on board," said Seth.

"Nay, I protest," said Jethro; "and I move for another half-hour—and then—"

"Then thou wilt move for another," thought Seth.

The second act commenced, and the old-fashioned sixpenny waves of Drury did their best, and walloped about under a canvass blanket representing the sea, and dashed against the rocks and tall cliffs of the scene to admiration; thunder and lightning, and guns and drums in the distance, did their best too. Presently a gallant ship, manned and rigged, bearing a broad streamer, with the word "*Grampus*" painted in its field in large letters, dashed furiously in upon the stage. And there *she* walloped and banged about, until Jethro, jumping up in his place, could hold in no longer—

"Down with your helm there, or you will be upon the rocks!" shouted Jethro from his box. The command was heard far above the noise of the mimic tempest.

"Ay, ay, sir!" instantly responded the sham skipper from her deck, through his speaking-trumpet; and he put the ship about.

The audience entered into the scene; and there came a roar of laughter and applause, and three hearty rounds from the John Bulls. You may be sure the salute was none of the gentlest; for it came from mouths used to converse in storms, and from horny palms redolent of tar and pitch.

"Three cheers for Jonathan and the Grampus!" shouted an Herculean jack-tar, raising his burly form in the midst of the crowded pit, and swinging his tarpauling high up into the air.

"Go it, Tom!—my eyes!—give it to 'em!" was echoed from the gallery: and away *it went*, round and round again, heavy as the explosion of a broadside from a seventy-four.

On came a cockleshell of a privateer, in chase of the Grampus; up went the French flag; and deep rolled a gun, intended to bring the merchantman to. Then came the manœuvring, and dodging, and backing, and filling; and, finally, down went the Frenchman through a trapdoor in the stage, and Jonathan's ship gallantly rode over the spot where the little craft had disappeared! Another shout and another hurrah were rung out for the victory of brother Jonathan.

"My eyes, Bill!—but that's the go! The Mounseer can't do a hooter to huz—can he?" said the gallery.

"Shiver my taupsils, if he can!" said the pit.

"You lubbers in the cockpit, pipe up the physic!" resounded from many quarters at once, as the curtain fell upon the second act. The *physic*, or the *music*, which, in a theatre, are synonymes with the sailor, thought proper to obey at once, and struck up "Rule Britannia." The sailors, who were not a few in number, now took *their* turn at walloping and rolling about, and made free to chime in with the band *à la Boréas*.

The scene now changed to the sparry palace of the

god of the deep sea. He was discovered seated on his throne, in the background, with his forked trident *rampant* in his hand, surrounded by—

> "A thousand fearful wrecks,—
> A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,—
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea!"

A portion of the wings represented the wreck and the armament of the privateer, and the drowned bodies of the Frenchmen, descending to the caverned regions of Neptune. The truth of the transparencies seemed to give the force of reality to the gorgeous and fearful spectacle.

"Shiver my timbers, Bill, but that's too bad! Couldn't save 'em, eh! Well, well; Jonathan couldn't help it, I s'pose. There they go—poor fellows—eaten by the fishes, and devoured by the hungry sarpents of the sea!" Such were the exclamations of the old sailors, while the rolling scenery exhibited, from time to time, pieces of the wreck, and now and then the body of a French sailor, with muscles relaxed, pitching head foremost; while his limbs were mutilated by ravenous sharks, which, as the scene trembled in its descent, seemed alive and busy at their horrid work. All this was seen slowly descending to the ocean depths, to the apparent satisfaction of the grim god who presided over the scene of destruction. Honest briny tears moistened the cheeks of some of the old tars at the sight; and this trait of generous feeling, exhibited at the hard fate even of an inveterate national enemy, was not unworthy of a sailor. Jethro Coffin was also much affected, and he shaded his eyes; and Seth took an opportunity of lowering his head upon the railing, under pretence of renewing a quid of tobacco.

But, presto—change! What have we here? A coral grotto, brilliant as Neptune's regal palace of spar, burst upon the audience. Jethro was shocked at the

by-play which he witnessed at the side-scenes—no less than Miss Nancy Dawson coquetting with a noble favourite, who sported a star upon his breast! Oh, shocking! Jethro Coffin's under jaw dropped again, and he communed with himself upon the morality of the house of the dragon.

"Do you see that stupid old hunks in the stage-box?" demanded his lordship, as he encircled the slender waist of Nancy with one arm, and pointed with the gloved hand of the other at Jethro. "How inquisitively he stares at us!"

"I have been vexed the whole evening at him," replied she. "Garrick says he is the owner of the American ship whose affair with the Frenchman we have been rehearsing. He bothers me so, when I am on the stage, by his impertinent gaping and staring, that he sets the people in an uproar; the cause of which, so annoying to me, he appears to be totally unconscious of."

"Jonathan all over!" ejaculated his lordship.

"I'll be even with him yet," said Miss Nancy; and she trotted on the stage as the orchestra began playing the symphony to Dr. Johnson's song; in the pauses of which she essayed parts of her new "Padlock Dance," in the character of goddess of the sea, to the infinite delight of the sailors.

The Mermaid's Song, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, as sung by Miss Nancy Dawson, in the "Devil and the Deep Sea."*

O, gather round me, mermaids all,
To give our welcome to the Gaul,
To give our welcome to the Gaul,
Sent hither by the Grampus:

* In 1737, Johnson and Garrick, master and pupil, went together to London in search of employment; and though suffering many privations and disappointments in their career, they toiled on for the prize of their several callings, and eventually gained

Come! since her work's so bravely done,
Without the aid of pike or gun,
We'll burn our light on altar stone,
And raise our pæan chant thus:—

The singer waved her wand, and a flood of light was poured in upon her crystalline grotto, adorned with a magnificent altar of variegated spar in the background. The attendants danced around the chief goddess of the water, waving their wands, while the symphony played, and the rolling transparent side-scenes continued slowly to bring down pieces of the wreck and the bodies of the drowned. The song then proceeded:—

See, to our realm the foeman wends,
His barque upbroken, too, descends,
His barque upbroken, too, descends;
And sea-dogs round are prowling,
To seize the prey, now sinking slow,
Down deep in silent depths below,
Where ne'er is heard the threat'ning blow
Of Boreas roughly howling.

'Tis meet that thus the conquered some,
Who dare invade the sea-god's home,
Who dare invade the sea-god's home
Upon the crested water,—

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an enviable immortality. When Garrick became manager of a theatre in company with Lacy, Johnson occasionally wrote for the stage, under the patronage of his former pupil. Some of his lighter pieces are preserved in manuscript; and among the rest, mediocre as it is, the song of Nancy Dawson, as it was introduced in the above-mentioned play, is still extant. Handel, in his day, was for a long time composer for several of the theatres, and commenced his career in London in the Haymarket. In 1773, Garrick assumed the entire management of Drury Lane, and continued in it until 1776, when he took his farewell of the stage. He died in 1779. It was not until 1775, when his literary reputation was well established, that Johnson received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford. He died in 1784. Johnson and Garrick were inseparable friends in life; and in death they were not much divided. Their remains are deposited near each other in Westminster Abbey; and the British nation has shown its respect to the great moralist as well as to the player, by erecting monuments to their memories.

To bow around old Neptune's throne,—
That throne now glittering like the sun,
High raised, and built of sparry stone
Deep died with human slaughter!

Come!—dance and sing, my mermaids all,
O'er bodies of the conquered Gaul,—
O'er bodies of the conquered Gaul,
Fast to our realm descending:
'Tis thus we triumph o'er the foe,
'Tis thus we greet them down below,
While spirits brave do upward go,
Our wat'ry realm defending.

As this verse terminated, some wild, rapid, and discordant music was thrown off by the band, indicative of sudden interruption; and the water-sprites scattered in most admired disorder on the entrance of a huge bellowing sea-dog, with a chain about his neck, denoting that he had escaped from confinement. The chief water-nymph, perched upon a clustered tuft of fan-coral, where she had taken refuge, began to exorcise the apparition in no very gentle manner, and with such sudden breaks in the music that one could hardly have believed it to be the same smooth air which had been sung to the foregoing verses. The exorcism ran thus:—

Thou com'st the mermaid's enemy!
But hence! huge beast, nor let me see—
Hence—hence! huge beast—nor let me see
Thy dragon form appearing!—
Now, by old Ocean! thou shalt feel
Within thy jaws this clog of steel,
Of which do I, thy doom to seal,
Condemn thee to the wearing!

A mighty flourish was given with horns, and trumpets, and fiddles, and kettle-drums, which might have inspired a host to the onslaught. But the sea-dog stood his ground, and roared like a bull, and rattled his ox-chain like a blacksmith. Nancy Dawson, as intimated in her song, here caught up a huge padlock, such as might serve to lock up a giant, or an ogre at the least; and

opening the hasp, she ran towards the beast, and made a demonstration as if she would fain have fastened it to his mouth. But the animal was apparently restive, and seemed not to relish her kind intention of putting a stopper so soon upon his roarings.

"Smite him on the nose!" loudly, but unconsciously, exclaimed Jethro, who well understood the manner of killing the seal species at a single blow; "smite him on the nose," repeated he, "and thou'lt do the job for him effectually, I warrant thee!"

The audience again indulged in unrestrained laughter and obstreperous applause. Nancy Dawson needed but this to cap the climax of her vexation, and to determine her mode of action in the premises. She paused a moment, looked at the padlock, which she still held in her hand, and darted at her *naïve* tormentor "like a streak o' lightnin'." Ere he could shut his gaping jaws, she inserted the hasp in Jethro's mouth, and closed the lock upon his cheek!* And there he stood dumfounded before a Drury Lane audience—the laughing-stock of thousands,—with an immense padlock dangling from his face; while the shouts, and the claps, and the loud merriment of the Londoners, and eke of his own crew, were absolutely deafening. Nancy's revenge upon Jethro was complete; and after skipping and dancing around the stage to her entire satisfaction, she suddenly stopped before him, and made a profound courtesy, exclaiming, in affected simplicity,—

"Oh la, my dear sir! let me relieve you from that inconvenient burden about your cheek. I beg pardon; I protest I did not mean to be so rude. Shall I take it off, sir?"

"Do—I beg of thee," replied Jethro, leaning forward; "I find it an unseemly ornament in this goodly presence."

In a twinkling the spring was pressed which had

* Fact.

secured the cheek-lock immoveably to his face, and Jethro stood bolt upright again, and laughed with the audience, and good-naturedly forgave the spoiled theatrical pet for her sin against propriety.

But there was no more playing that night. The audience would hear no more of the "Devil and the Deep Sea," after Dr. Johnson's song and the wonderful feat of the padlock; and Nancy retired amid the deafening shouts of the house, and was received at the wings in the arms of her noble lover, with the endearing salutation of, "You wicked little devil! you have made a hit to-night that will make your fortune!" And so it turned out. Nancy Dawson was the favourite of the stage for many years; and ever after, the sailors, who remembered the scene of the padlock, used to greet her appearance with broad grins, and shouts of, "Nancy Dawson for ever!"—while the well-remembered melody of her song, known afterward only by her own name, was danced by learned horses at the circus, and whistled along the streets by the sweeps and lazaroni of the gallery, until it became as common in the mouths of the vulgar as the beautiful airs of Cinderella and Masaniello now are after their fiftieth night.

What an immortality!

## CHAPTER V.

A plague on *both your houses!*
*Romeo and Juliet.*

I do not weep!—the springs of tears are dried—
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well.
BYRON.

THE barque of Jethro had scarcely lost sight of the island, before the first imaginings of Miriam's ambition began to be developed. She surveyed the humble range of apartments constituting her dwelling; projected alterations and improvements; and finally abandoned them, after counting the expense, and coming to the prudential conclusion that it would cost more to pull down, and refit, and rebuild, than it would to erect a new mansion from the foundation. She therefore sent for the chief builder of the town, and requested him to make out plans of a building, upon a scale of magnificence then unknown upon the island. At first he suggested a barn-like pile, with the usual tumble-down roof, and broad, unsightly gable to front the street. It was an approved pattern with the generality of the inhabitants, which admits of incontestable proof even unto this day. But Miriam, who had seen other houses abroad, seized her pen, and astonished the architect with her readiness at design. She first showed him the front of a double house, and gave him a sketch of the mouldings, and pilasters, and the well-imagined ornaments of the time, which were then in vogue upon the main,—and *this* front, she said, should face the street.

Here was an innovation that caused the honest builder to stare! The plan of the roof, too, was to him an ab-

solute marvel. With two strokes of the pen, Miriam indicated to him the fashion of the roof, which resembled the letter A,—only not quite so steep. The very simplicity of the design astonished the builder. What! —not have the roof to slope off behind, with a gradual concavity, until all the outhouses in the rear were covered by it, and its extremity should come almost in contact with the ground? And were the complex triple pitches of the roof, on the other side, to be discarded for a single descent? Monstrous! Yet Miriam *would* have it so, or not at all. She selected a pleasant site on the margin of the bay, which threw the front of the building to the north.

"Gadzooks!" said the builder; "place the front towards the north!—who ever heard of such a thing before!"

The accommodation of looking out upon the bay was nothing. The prevailing fashion of fronting towards the warm south (even though sand-banks should intervene to shut out the prospect) was every thing. Miriam prevailed; and the builder acquiesced. But he had his misgivings as to her sanity. Her prudence, at any rate, he believed to be clean gone. The mansion was, nevertheless, built under the eye of Miriam; and a lapse of more than half a century still finds it one of the best-looking architectural designs upon the island. But its fine water prospect is cut off by the multitudinous dwellings and warehouses that have since grown up between it and the shore; and you must now ascend to its "*walk*," or terrace upon the roof, and take your station by the side of the pole supporting the weathercock, if you would look forth upon the sea.

If the Moslems have their minarets at the tops of their dwellings, from which to call their neighbours to prayer at midday—so have, or rather *had*, the Sherburne people their "crow's-nests" at the top of theirs, to look out upon the deep in every direction, and from whence to convey the first news of a homeward-bound

ship to the people below. All the ancient buildings of the town still display these convenient look-out places.

Simultaneously with the building of her magnificent town-house, Miriam had determined to erect a country-seat,—a luxury never before thought of on the island. It was a piece of extravagance that no one could comprehend. But her mystery was her own, and she permitted no one to penetrate it. Miriam had ulterior designs: and the signs of a political storm, which her foresight predicted would shortly break forth, were, in fact, her chief inducements for selecting the distant and lonely spot whereon to place her country mansion.

A long and narrow bay, navigable only for small vessels, but connected with the main harbour of Nantucket, runs up towards the eastern part of the island. Near the extremity of this bay were the remains of an ancient Indian settlement, close upon the margin of the estuary; and the place still bears the Indian name of "*Quaise.*" The Indians had once planted their wigwams upon the little knoll of land that overlooked the water; and upon this same hill did Miriam determine to build the foundation of her house. The land declined gently to the borders of a small pellucid lake, in which fishes of many varieties sported, as yet unharmed and unvexed by the angler. Altogether the location was inviting, and preferable to any other within the same distance of the town; and it was, besides, approachable by water without exposure to the sea. From the hill a broad blue expanse of ocean was visible, shut out by a long low bar of sand that embraced the bay. To the eastward, at the extremity of the harbour, on another gentle declivity, stood, at the time, the little Indian settlement of "Eat-fire Spring," with its circular wigwams. These were the only habitations of human beings within sight of Quaise. The background was a vast heath, broken only here and there by a slight undulation in the plain. The romance of the island is in

its water prospects; there is none in its heathy plains and stunted bushes.

The progress of building the country-seat,—its details of stone and mortar, and timber and shingles, we will not inflict upon our readers; for to them, as to us, they would be uninteresting. Suffice it, that the country-seat, —a splendid thing of its kind,—was built at great expense, and was long afterward familiarly known as "Miriam's Folly." When last we saw it, time and exposure to storms had covered it with a mossy coating, and it was occupied by an industrious farmer and his family, who seemed to take pride in speaking of its origin and its peculiarities.

A peaceable lodgment being effected in the town-house,—which had been garnished anew with furniture, conforming in splendour to its outward finish,—a party was projected, under Miriam's auspices, who were to go in calêches to take formal possession of, and to regale themselves at, the country mansion,—which had also previously been comfortably and even elegantly fitted up with all that was necessary for its occupancy.

A train of one-horse, two-wheeled, springless carriages was got ready to the number of half a dozen, which were seen emerging from the outskirts of the town on a pleasant morning towards the close of September, 1774. The van, as was fitting, was led by Miriam and her daughter, under the escort of Grimshaw, who took upon himself to be charioteer for the occasion. Three high-backed, rush-bottomed chairs were lashed with cords to the sides or gunwale of the cart; and, being spread over with some soft covering (a checkered coverlet, or a figured counterpane), the riders were as well accommodated as the outward indulgence in the luxury of the times would warrant. There were then no carriages with springs,—no gigs,— nor stanhopes,—nor coaches with luxurious seats. It was many years after this before even a chaise was tolerated on the island; and when two of these, with

wooden elbow springs, were introduced by some of the wealthier families, the hue-and-cry of persecution was set up against them; and their owners were fain to abandon the monstrosities, and betake themselves again to their calêches. One chaise, however, was allowed to be retained by an invalid: but it is related that even he was not permitted to keep and to use it, unless upon all proper occasions he would consent to lend it for the use of the sick.

Next in order came the vehicle of our somewhat neglected friend Peleg Folger (the kinsman of Miriam), and his daughter Mary; and these were attended, merry and mercurial as ever, by the fashionable Imbert, in his red coat and powdered wig. But Imbert and Mary, who by this time had arrived at much familiarity of speech and intercourse, had all the talk to themselves; interrupted, to be sure, once in a while, by "minnows and mack'rel!"—the peculiar phrase of Peleg, as he chided and urged on his fat horse, from a lazy walk to a still slower jog-trot, over the smooth and almost trackless heath.

Cars holding some of the wealthy townspeople came next. These guests had been invited by Miriam to take a share in the social jaunt; but although this was held forth as her ostensible design in asking the company of her neighbours, she secretly wished to observe the effect of her splendour, and what she believed to be her first approaches to greatness, upon her companions.

On arriving at her mansion, Miriam descended quickly from her calêche and entered the new dwelling. When her visiters had disengaged themselves from their travelling paraphernalia, she was found ready at the door of her country-seat to welcome them. She gave them a reception which was thought, at the moment, to be rather formal and grandiloquous, for one who had been accustomed to the plain mode of speech and manner peculiar to those professing the unsophisticated ways of the Quakers: but this was soon forgotten

by her visiters, or remembered but slightly, amid the earnestness with which she pressed her hospitality upon the wondering islanders.

The guests were received in a carpeted drawing-room, furnished and adorned with luxuries which strangely contrasted with the plain and scanty articles of household garniture that they had left at home in their own houses. Allowing a proper time for refreshment, as well as for indulgence in curiosity, Miriam led her guests to other parts of the building, whose appointments excited equal wonder with those of the reception-chamber.

The grandeur of the hostess showed itself somewhat after the manner of the sailor who had seen and admired the vest of his admiral—the facings of which had been manufactured of costly figured silk-velvet. The jack-tar, being paid off on his coming into port, forthwith sought out a fashionable tailor, and contracted for a similar waistcoat, whose linings as well as facings should alike be made of the rich material. Meeting the admiral in his wanderings, he stripped off his roundabout and displayed his vest fore-and-aft, exclaiming, in the pride of his heart, as he made a complete revolution on his heel—"No *sham* here, you see, admiral! Stem and stern alike, my old boy!" It was even so with Miriam. From the garret to the kitchen every thing was complete. Her upper chambers were arranged with a neat display of all that was convenient as well as ornamental. The parlour was by no means furnished at the expense of the sleeping chambers or the kitchen; and Miriam felt a matronly pleasure in giving ocular demonstration of the fact. There was no *sham* there; stem and stern—fore-and-aft, were alike admirable.

Her half-brother Peleg surveyed the whole in mute astonishment. When he had, as he thought, seen all within, he proceeded to the kitchen and lit his pipe; and thereupon he sallied forth to take an outward view of the premises. Here, as his mind became completely

filled and running over with wonder, and after making a due estimate of the prodigal expense, he was observed to take his pipe from his mouth, and to puff out a long whiff of smoke.

"Minnows and mack'rel!" said he, slowly, as he footed up, and comprehended, the vast outlays which his sister had incurred, for nothing in the world but to indulge in the unheard-of vanity of a country mansion.

Peleg had never heard of Anaxagoras; but he meant precisely the same thing, at this time, by the above peculiar exclamation, as did the philosopher, whose opinion had been asked in relation to a costly imperial monument,—"What a deal of good money," said Anaxagoras, as he gazed at the pile, "has here been changed into useless stone!"

"Why, Miriam! Miriam, I say!" shouted Peleg, at the top of his "tin-pipe voice," as he finished his survey of the wonders of Quaise.

"I hear thee, Peleg;—thou speakest to everybody as if they were thick of hearing;—what wouldst thou, Peleg?"

"I am sorely amazed and troubled at thy extravagance; and I have called to thee aloud to tell thee so. I will uplift my voice in reproof, *in* season and *out* of season, against such shameless waste of thy husband's property; and I take these good people to witness, that I cry aloud, and spare not!"

"Go to, Peleg," said Miriam; "we have enough of the world's goods, and to spare, and shall not miss the trifle that thou wouldst cry so loud over. I have built this pleasant dwelling, out of town here, as much to set such close-handed misers as thou an example of spending money worthily, as to furnish a retreat from the close air, and the dust, and the turmoil of the town, in seasons when enjoyment may be had abroad."

"Dust and turmoil, indeed!" said Peleg; "and talkest thou of close air in the town!—minnows and mack'rel! who ever heard of such downright nonsense!

The air is as free and untainted in the settlement as it is hereaway among the rotting seaweed of this choked harbour of Quaise, and the swamps of the stagnant ponds in the neighbourhood."

Miriam did not much relish the freedom of Peleg's speech, whom, heretofore, she had always found a pliant echo of her own opinions; but then she forgot that her former actions and performances were the results of wise counsels and profound calculations; and she did not sufficiently credit Peleg for independence of opinion about matters with which he was familiar. The building of a costly house, and that house too so far away from town, was the height of folly in Peleg's eyes. His opinion remained unchanged after he had resumed his investigations, and more closely inspected the interior. He found by accident a range of small apartments, curiously leading from one to the other, with doors unnecessarily opening in several directions, and having bolts, and bars, and ponderous fastenings, incomprehensible in their use. He lost himself in the labyrinth, by following a flight of steps that led from one of these mysterious closets to hidden places beneath the house; and he stumbled along a dark vaulted passage, and up another flight of steps, which led to a small trap-door concealed among some bushes, and opening near the water of the bay. Peleg whistled outright as he emerged into the light of day, and with more than his usual emphasis he ejaculated, "Minnows and mack'rel! the woman's crazy—stark, staring mad!"

Miriam had lost sight of Peleg in his wanderings; but she caught a glimpse of him just as his head peeped through the trap-door from beneath the ground. He had seen more than she intended should be disclosed to any of her visiters; and she hastened, with real anxiety, to put a stopper upon his speech before he should let others into the secret. It was no easy matter, however, to lead Peleg away from a subject upon which he could discourse so eloquently as the extravagance and waste which his

eyes had beheld, and of which his kinswoman had been guilty; and she was right glad when it was proposed and voted that the whole party should walk over to the Indian settlement at the Spring. Miriam forthwith took the arm of Peleg, and walked briskly forward; and she thus effectually secured her plans from further exposure. The other members of the company paired off with one another, and strolled after them at their leisure.

Imbert was absent when the party set out; but his absence created no uneasiness, nor elicited any unusual remark. He might be in pursuit of game, or fishing in the bay; at all events, he could easily discover their route, and would doubtless follow as soon as he should ascertain the absence of his friends.

The ceremony of knocking at a neighbour's door, previous to entering, was not much practised at Nantucket; and it is not, even now, held at all necessary by the older people. Miriam, therefore, entered the hut of Tashima without sign or announcement. There was no person to be seen in the outer chamber; and she was proceeding without ceremony to explore the premises, when she was met at the doorway of the inner apartment by Manta. There was some confusion in the manner of the Indian girl, as she hastily closed the aperture, and motioned Miriam and Peleg to seats. A man's step was heard within; the curtain was withdrawn, and Imbert carelessly entered the apartment where Miriam was sitting! Manta cast her eyes to the ground; while Miriam—suspicion flashing over her mind—scanned the face of Imbert with a quick and searching glance. His design, if he had any in being there alone with the Indian girl, was impenetrable. He was the same smiling, bold, gay Lothario that he had always appeared, and saluted the new comers with the utmost unconcern.

"Minnows and mack'rel!" said Peleg; "there have we been hunting and *helloing* all over for thee, and lo and behold thou art here! Come, come, daughter of

Tashima, thou needest not look as if thou wert blushing, at being found alone with friend Imbert. 'Efags!—when I was a young man, like him, I used to have many an innocent romp with the Indian maids."

The allusion of Peleg seemed to create still greater confusion in the manner of Manta; but she was soon relieved by the arrival of the rest of the party, and by the general conversation that ensued. The beverage of the unrivalled spring beneath the solitary willow was, as usual, tasted and admired for its purity; and then the company paid their respects to the veteran Tashima in his schoolroom, where he daily toiled on in his laborious vocation. He welcomed them, as usual, with hearty but sedate cordiality, and in due season they departed, filled with pleasure and surprise at his success with his Indian pupils.

Imbert contrived to linger behind, while the others were paying their visit at the schoolhouse. He took the almost lifeless hand of Manta in his, and led her from the door to a seat. The fire of her eye and the elasticity of her form were gone. She sank heavily upon a settle, and covered her eyes with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Why do you weep, Manta?" asked Imbert, soothingly.

"Ask me not why I weep," said she; "it is an idle question for you to ask, who know so well the cause."

"But these tears are out of place now. Come, cheer up, and do not betray yourself to these people. You did not see *me* wince under the curious gaze of that Argus whom they call Miriam Coffin, when I was unexpectedly discovered here by her. Fy, fy, Manta; put on the smiles again with which you used to greet me, when I have stolen away from the town to visit you."

"Ah! those fatal visits have been rare of late. Indeed, indeed, I am very sorrowful. I will not upbraid you, for I love you too well. Ah me! it was blind-

ness, or madness, or both, perhaps, that hindered me from seeing consequences. How foolish, not to know that the dark skin of the Indian maid would prove the impassable barrier to my happiness! I see it all now; and yet I did not run headlong into the snare: I was urged, Imbert, and you know it; I was over-persuaded by you! May the Great Spirit—He that is your God as well as mine—forgive you all! Ah, my heart—my poor heart!"

Scalding tears trickled through her long dark fingers, while she sobbed convulsively. But the reader needs no further description of a most painful scene, whose cause can be so easily apprehended. It is enough to say that the daughter of Tashima had been betrayed.

"Come, my good girl," said Imbert, withdrawing his head from the doorway, "dry up your tears; they are coming this way again. Fy, Manta! cheer up, child, for Heaven's sake, and don't expose yourself thus. Go to your chamber, Manta, and leave me to manage these unwelcome visiters. There is a kiss for you, my girl; go in, go in quick! or we will be again discovered together."

"You shall see no more of this weakness," replied Manta, with a convulsive sigh, as she suffered herself to be led passively to her chamber. "I have given way too much to nature: you shall see me exert the self-command peculiar to my race. There! I am calm now, and my heart shall throb no more. See, even my tears are restrained at your bidding."

"It is well," said Imbert; and he hastily retired, unperceived, through the little garden, his form being sheltered by the clustering shrubbery. He sprang over the fence, and, by a short turn among the huts, he came out upon the party just as they had finished taking leave of Tashima. Not the least indication was apparent in his manner or conversation, that he had but a moment before been looking upon the ruins of a generous and

confiding woman, the source of whose consuming tears was in her breaking heart!

Imbert succeeded, without betraying his design, in drawing his companions away from the hut of Manta, and contrived to send them all on the road towards the mansion they had left at Quaise.

In the main, the party had been a pleasant one; and nothing worthy of note occurred to mar the general festivity. The grief of Manta and the anxiety of Imbert were unknown to any but themselves; and Peleg's usual exclamation, as he shrugged up his shoulders, while looking for the last time, and railing upon the extravagances at Quaise, was unheeded by everybody, and most especially by Miriam, after she had seen him well deposited in his calêche. Miriam's purpose had been so far accomplished, that she knew her visiters would not rest until the whole town should be made acquainted with the magnificence of her country establishment; and she also knew, that in proportion as she affected magnificence, so she would excite the envy of the people; and that, in fact, by her assumption of superiority, it would eventually come to be a thing conceded; and she would thus, by degrees, lay the foundation of her greatness among her townsmen.

## CHAPTER VI.

Not Ocean's monarch shall escape us free!
*Masaniello.*

Soon to the sport of death the crews repair:
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aimed, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Awhile his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills!
FALCONER.

We must now change the scene. Among the indentations of the coast of Western Africa, the Bay of Walwich may be traced upon the chart. This bay was much resorted to, in years past, for the right-whale, or the species that live by what whalers call "*suction.*" The bay contains good anchorage-ground and shelter for ships; and, at some periods of the year, known to whale-fishermen as the season for feeding, the coast along its margin is visited by these huge animals in pursuit of food, which consists principally of peculiar kinds of small fish, that keep in shoal water about the bay, and herd or school together in countless numbers. Thousands of the mullet, the roman, the stonebream, the harder, the mackerel, and many other varieties that abound in African bays, together with myriads of the Medusan race, are *sucked* in by the right-whale for a breakfast, through the vertical bars of whalebone that stud its mouth, like the gratings of a prison window, or the palings of a picket fence.

There are but few persons who do not know the difference in the formation and habits of the two principal species of the *cetaceous* tribe—the *mysticetus* and the

*cachalot*—which are the objects of pursuit of the whale-fisherman. They are called the *right-whale* and the *spermaceti*. The former has immense jaws of bone, without any well-defined teeth, but with a grove of dark fibrous material within its huge mouth, called whale-bone, through which to strain its food; keeping mostly in shallow water, and living upon small-fry; disappearing from the surface at short intervals; remaining under water but for a few minutes; breathing, or ejecting from its blow-holes, columns of water, in two perpendicular streams, or *jets d'eau*, on rising to the surface, and producing inferior oil. The latter—to wit, the spermaceti—has tusks of ivory on a huge dropping under jaw; blunt, clumsy head, and broad tail; frequenting none other than the deepest water; diving deep and perpendicularly; staying long out of sight, and, on rising, blowing or spouting in a single jet, or stream, which inclines to the horizon; and producing a better quality of oil, though in smaller quantity according to its bulk, than the right-whale. The spermaceti yields, in addition to its oil, a valuable matter called *sperm*, which is highly prized as an article of commerce; and also produces that rare aromatic drug called *ambergris*.

Jethro, with his son Isaac, remained in London, intending, when his business should be finished there, to take passage home in some merchantman bound for the colonies.

The Grampus set sail from the Thames. The place of her rendezvous with the Leviathan had been appointed at Walwich Bay. The Grampus, without any remarkable incident, arrived first upon the spot, and had waited for her consort for several days. Some forty whaling vessels, of all nations, were riding at anchor within the bay, waiting the expected visits from the whales. Day after day—week after week—had glided away since the arrival of the major part of the fleet, but not a solitary animal had as yet made his appearance. The Grampus was fitted out for the sperm-whale

fishery, and had taken in her three years' provisions at London. Her captain and crew, who had been some time idle, now longed for sport; and they cared very little, since wait they must for the good ship Leviathan, in order to double The Horn in company, whether the invitation to amusement should come in the shape of a right-whale, a spermaceti, or a razor-back; the last the most dangerous and least productive of all.

Africa has a burning, sultry coast. The sun was sending a lurid glare upon the sea, which heaved long and sluggishly in the bay, without a breath of air to curl the crest of the swell. The crews of the assembled ships were at their early breakfast, and the officers and men on the look-out were lazily gazing upon the mirrored surface of the water, or listlessly walking to and fro upon their posts. In many of the whale-ships, particularly in those that had previously been in northern latitudes, a crow's-nest, or a sort of sentry-box, surrounded, breast high, by canvass stretched as a protection against the weather, and covered with an awning, was perched on the maintopmast, or at the topgallant-mast-head. In these places of look-out a man is always stationed to observe the approach of the whale, and to communicate his motions to those on deck. But in the Grampus, destined as she was for temperate latitudes in the Pacific, no other accommodation was provided for the sentry than the bare main-topgallant cross-trees, where for hours together the lynx-eyed watcher sent forth his anxious regards upon the ocean, and deemed his station a post of honour,—as it always proved of extra profit, if he should be the first to discover a whale within pursuing distance.

"Dull work!" said Seth, slowly pacing the deck; "dull work—by my hopes!—in this accursed climate, where scorching airs blow from the great Afric desert: and as for *amusement*,—we may feast our eyes, if we like, by looking upon armies of naked Hottentots, 'capering ashore,' smeared with slush, and surfeiting upon

tainted blubber!—who mock us in our commands, as we coast along the bay, repeating, as they follow us, our very words like an echo—and mimicking our minutest actions, when we attempt to make ourselves understood by signs. Poor brutes! The Creator has smitten their continent and their minds alike with barrenness; and has given to the one its arid plains, which defy the hand of cultivation, while the souls of the people are unblessed with the refreshing dews of intelligence. But what boots it? they are happier, in their ignorance, than we who boast of knowledge, but who are restless in our desires.

'———As the ocean—
In one unceasing change of ebb and flow.'

The reflections of Seth, upon the blessings of ignorance, were interrupted by a thrilling cry from the masthead.

"*Flooks—flooks!*" was the welcome salutation from aloft. The half-eaten meal was broken off, and the rush to the boats was tumultuous. It was like that of an army of practised gladiators, in the arena of the Coliseum. The alarm was heard by the crews of other vessels; and the intelligence spread like wildfire that a whale was entering the bay. Four boats were lowered —manned—and put off from the Grampus, in less than half a minute after the cry was uttered aloft. A hundred other boats were instantly in motion, and bearing down upon the animal. Some, however, took the precaution to separate from the rest, and thus divided the chances of capture. None could count with certainty upon striking the prey, for his course was irregular while in pursuit of his food. The whale is not a vicious animal, unless wounded; and, if not frightened, will move off sluggishly from his pursuers, and appear and disappear at regular intervals: so that, if the direction is well observed when he sinks (or shows his *flooks*, or

forked tail, as he dives), a pretty accurate calculation may be made as to the place of his reappearance.

The whalers in the boats that had scattered had their share of excitement in turn; while those who had headed the whale, when he sunk from their sight for the first time, saw with mortification, by the indication of his flooks, that he had already deviated largely from his first course. As a score of others were already near the spot where he would next rise to blow, the first pursuers naturally lay upon their oars; but they were watchful of the event of the chase.

Macy, with his two mates, and an approved boat-steerer, had each command of a separate boat. The selection of the crews for these boats is in fact a matter of taste or favouritism with these officers of the ship. The captain has the first pick of the whole crew; and, if his judgment is good, he chooses those of the most powerful limb and muscle, quickness of apprehension, and readiness of execution. The next choice falls to the first mate; the second officer's turn comes next; and the siftings of the crew fall to the boat-steerers. It may readily be believed that Macy, who was an experienced whaler, was altogether discreet in his choice, and had a crew of oarsmen who might be pitted against any other crew of the whole fleet. To say that they were Americans, and experienced whale-fishermen, is sufficient assurance, of itself, that they were competitors for all whaling honours against the whole world. It is still, as it was eminently then, altogether un-American to admit of superiority in this business. It was therefore with deep chagrin that Macy saw the game escape him; for thus far he had led the van of the attack; while the whalers in some fifty boats in the rear, if not altogether content that he should be their leader, were at least satisfied that to be beaten by *him* was no dishonour.

The Englishman, the Dane, the Dutchman, the Swede, as also representatives of other European nations, were Macy's ambitious competitors for the

honour of killing the first whale of the season:—the long and the strong pull was exerted to carry off the prize, and fair words of encouragement were offered, and enforced in the blandest and most persuasive manner, by those who controlled the boats. Some, uselessly enough, where so many were engaged, pulled after the animal in his devious course after food; while others rested on their oars to watch the result, and to take advantage of his wanderings. The scene was most animating—and but a few minutes served to scatter the boats in every direction;—to sprinkle the bay with dark moving spots;—to people it with life—sinewy life;—in short, it was an exhibition of the noblest of God's creation, both animal and human, waging a war of extermination, and threatening death and destruction by collision.

The noble animal—for it was a right-whale of the largest class—held on its course up the bay, scooping its food from time to time, and annihilating its thousands of small fish at a dive;—leaving the boats far in the rear, and darting off in new directions, until those who were most on the alert, or rather those who pulled the most constantly, were fain to give up the chase and to lie on their oars. The whale approached the anchorage ground of the ships; and its speed was increased as it shoaled the water, in proportion to its eagerness after its flying victims. The small fish, driven before their huge devourer, clubbed together, and concentrated in schools of such immense magnitude, that the ships were surrounded, as it were, with a dense mass of animal matter, huddling together for common safety, or flying in swarms before their common enemy, like the multitudinous and periodical flowings of the herring from the Greenland seas.

Intent upon his prey, the whale appeared unconscious of the dangerous vicinage of the ships, and played among them with a temerity which evinced a tameness, or perhaps an ignorance of its danger, that plainly showed

he had never been chased by the whaler, nor hurt by the harpoon. His eager pursuit after food may, however, account for his recklessness; for, generally speaking, the instinct of the whale is sufficient, upon all occasions, to avoid an unusual object floating upon the water; and at such times the nicest stratagem of the art of the whaler is required to capture him.

The persecuted tribes have been chased so often—pursued so relentlessly from haunt to haunt—that they must not be unnecessarily scared; for, if they are, the pursuit may as well be abandoned first as last. No crew can row a boat, for any length of time, to keep pace with a frightened and fugitive whale.

The animal, gorged with its fishy meal, at last commenced its retreat from the bay; and the boats manœuvred to head him off as he retired. Obeying the instinct of his nature, he now showed his flooks and vanished from the sight, before the boats could get within striking distance. A calculation being made where he would next appear (for beneath the water the whale does not deviate from a direct line in his horizontal progress), a general race ensued; and each strove, as if life were on the issue, to arrive first upon the spot. Some twenty minutes' steady and vigorous pulling found the foremost boats a full mile behind the whale, when he rose again to breathe. Several boats were unluckily ahead of Seth in the chase, as their position at starting enabled them to take the lead, when the animal began to push for deeper water. But Seth's men had been resting on their oars, while nearly all others had exhausted their strength, in following the whale among the ships; and the captain judged rightly, that in darting after his tiny prey, he would lead them all a bootless dance. He had determined to wait for the retreat, and then to hang upon the rear of the enemy. There were others, however, better acquainted with the soundings of the bay, whose tactics were scarce inferior to Seth's; and the advantage

gained over him by several boats was proof of this, or at least of the superior accuracy of their calculations. It was a long time since Seth had given chase to an animal of the right-whale breed;—he had grappled, of late, only with the spermaceti;—and therefore it was not to be wondered at, at this time, and under the circumstances, that some of those around him should beat him in manœuvring in the bay. But, in the steady chase, he knew that he could count upon the speed and bottom of his boat's crew, and he was now resolved to contest for the victory.

"We have a clear field now, my boys—give way steadily—we gain upon them—give the long pull—the strong pull—and the pull together:—keep her to it—heave ahead, my hearties!" Such were the words of Seth, as, with eyes steadily fixed upon a certain point, and with his steering oar slightly dipping at times, he guided the light whale-boat unerringly towards the place where he expected the whale to re-appear. One by one he had dropped his antagonists by the way, until three only remained manfully struggling between him and the prize. The whale again breathed at the surface, and the distance between the headmost boat and the animal was found to be diminished to half a mile—while the ships in the bay were run "hull down." The pursuers were now out upon the broad ocean. Those who had abandoned the chase in despair were slowly returning to their ships. The rigging of the vessels was manned by anxious spectators, watching the motions of the tiny specks out at sea, with beating hearts. The whale again cast his flooks into the air, and sank from the view of his pursuers. Now came the tug of war.

"You must beat those foreigners ahead," said Seth to his men, "or crack your oars: they are of good American ash, and will bear pulling," continued he.—"Give way with a will!—Pull—pull, my lads;—that whale will not sink again without a harpoon in his body:

and 'twill never do to tell of at home, that we allowed men of other nations to beat *us*. Keep your eyes steadily on your oars;—mark the stroke of the after oar, men,—and give way for the credit of the Grampus!"

Here Seth braced himself in the stern-sheets—seized the steering oar with his left hand, and placed his right foot against the after oar, just below the hand of the oarsman.

"Now pull for your lives!" said he, "while I add the strength of my leg to the oar:—Once more!—Again, my boys!—Once more—There—we pass the Spaniard!"

"*Diabolo!*" exclaimed the mortified native of Spain.

The additional momentum of Seth's foot, applied to the stroke oar, had done the job;—but two more boats were to be passed,—and quickly too,—or all the labour would be lost.

"At it again, my boys!—steady—my God, give way!—give way for the honour of the Grampus.—One pull for old Nantucket!—and—there—we have shown a clean pair of heels to the Dutchman!"

"*Hagel!—Donder en blixem!*" said the Hollander.

"There is but one boat ahead," said Seth; "it is the Englishman!—We must beat *him* too, or we have gained nothing! Away with her—down upon him like men!—One pull for the Grampus, my boys!—another for old Nantuck—"

The American now shot up alongside of the English boat:—but the honour of the nation, too, was at stake; and they bent to their oars with fresh vigour. Five athletic Englishmen, each with a bare chest that would have served for the model of a Hercules,—with arms of brawn and sinew,—swayed their oars with a precision and an earnestness that, for a minute, left the contest doubtful. The English commander, seeing how effectually Seth managed the stroke oar with his foot, braced himself in a similar attitude of exertion;—and

his boat evidently gained upon the Nantucketer! Seth saw the increase of speed of his rival with dismay. The whale, too, was just rising ahead. The bubbles of his blowing, and of his efforts at rising, were beginning to ascend! It was a moment of intense anxiety. The rushing train, or vortex of water, told that he was near the surface. Both commanders encouraged their men anew by a single word; and then, as if by mutual consent, all was silent, except the long, measured, and vigorous stroke of the oars.

"For old England, my lads!" shouted the one.

"Remember old Nantucket, my boys!" was the war-cry of the other.

Both plied their oars with apparently equal skill; but the hot Englishman lost his temper as the boat of Seth shot up again, head and head with him—and he surged his foot so heavily upon the after oar, that it broke off short in the rowlock! The blade of the broken oar became entangled with the others on the same side, while the after oarsman lost his balance, and fell backwards upon his leader.

"I bid thee farewell!" said Seth, as he shot ahead.

"*Hell and damnation!*" vociferated the Englishman.

"Way enough—peak your oars!" said Seth to his men. The oars bristled apeak, after the manner of the whale-fishermen. The harpooner immediately seized and balanced his weapon over his head, and planted himself firmly in the bow of the boat. At that instant the huge body of the whale rose above the surface; and Seth, with a single turn of his steering oar, brought the bow dead upon the monster, a few feet back of the fin. Simultaneously with the striking of the boat, the well-poised harpoon was launched deep into the flesh of the animal.

"*Starn all!*" shouted Seth.

The boat was backed off in an instant; and the whale, feeling the sting of the barb, darted off like the wind! The well-coiled line flew through the groove

of the bow-post with incomparable swiftness, and it presently began to smoke, and then to blaze, with the rapidity of the friction. Seth now took the bow with his lance, exchanging places with the harpooner, and quietly poured water upon the smoking groove, until it was cooled. The oars were again *peaked*, and the handles inserted in brackets fixed on the ceiling of the boat beneath the thwarts—the blades projecting over the water like wings; and the men, immoveable, rested from their long but successful pull; and much need did they have of the relief—for a more arduous or better contested chase they had never experienced.

The line in the tub was now wellnigh run out; and the boat-steerer, with a thick buckskin mitten, or *nipper*, as it is called, for the protection of his hand, seized hold of the line, and, in a twinkling, caught a turn around the loggerhead, to enable the man at the tub-oar to bend on another line.

The rapidity of the animal's flight the while was inconceivable. The boat now ploughed deeply and laboriously, leaving banks of water on each side, as she parted the wave, that overtopped the men's heads, and effectually obscured the sight of every object on the surface. The swell of the closing water came after them in a heavy and angry rush. The second line was now allowed to run slowly from the loggerhead; and a *drag*, or plank about eighteen inches square, with a line proceeding from each corner, and meeting at a point like a pyramid, was fastened to it, and thrown over to deaden the speed of the whale. Another and another drag was added, until the animal, feeling the strong backward pull, began to relax his efforts; and presently he suddenly descended, though not to the full extent of the slackened line.

It now became necessary to haul in the slack of the line, and to coil it away in the tub carefully; while the men pulled with their oars, to come up with the whale

when he should rise to the surface. All things were soon ready again for the deadly attack.

The ripple of the whale, as he ascended, was carefully marked; and when he again saw the light of day, a deep wound, close to the barbed harpoon, was instantly inflicted by the sharp lance of Seth. It was the death-blow.

"*Starn all!*" was the cry once more, and the boat was again quickly backed off by the oarsmen.

The infuriated animal roared in agony, and lashed the ocean into foam with his tail. The blood gushed from his spout-holes, falling in torrents upon the men in the boat, and colouring the sea. The whale, in his last agony, is a fearful creature. He rose perpendicularly in the water, head downwards, and again writhed and lashed the sea, with such force that the people in the retreating boats, though many miles distant, heard the thunder of the sound distinctly. The exertion was too violent to last long: it was the signal of his dissolution. His life-blood ceased to flow, and he turned his belly to the sun! The *waif* of the Grampus floated triumphantly above the body of the slaughtered Leviathan of the deep, and the peril of the hardy crew was over.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Here lies the body of John Gardner, who was born in the year 1624, and died A. D. 1706, aged 82."

The above is the substance of a simple inscription, on the only headstone—in fact the only memorial of any kind—which points out the spot that once served for the burial-place of the ancient inhabitants of Nantucket. It stands on the road, or slight wheel-path, leading from the present town of Nantucket to Mattekat harbour, at the western end of the island—around whose waters the first Anglo-American inhabitants erected their settlement of houses. But no vestige now remains of the old town of Sherburne, as the place was called, from which the early inhabitants sallied forth on the broad Atlantic, in their first rude and imperfect essays to entrap the whale. The harbour was found too much exposed, and far less convenient for shipping, than that which is at the present day known as Nantucket harbour; and by degrees the new town of Sherburne (now Nantucket) was built and peopled, while the ancient site was deserted. Many of its houses—hauled overland upon rollers and skids, and placed upon their new foundations on the northern side of the island—were made to follow the current of population, while others were suffered to go to decay.

The ancient burying-ground naturally shared in the neglect of the settlement to which it appertained; and places more contiguous to the new town were selected to deposite the dead. The headstones of the first fathers, rudely sculptured, but venerable for their antiquity, became moss-grown and ruinous. The inscriptions, how-

ever, were obliterated as much by desecration as by the crumbling touch of time. The fences and little grave-enclosures were carried off piecemeal, and served for firewood or kindling stuff for the poor, in seasons of rigour or scarcity. The gravestones, in time, one by one disappeared, from the wanton mutilation of unthinking boys, or were upturned by browsing cattle, or by the effects of the severe frosts of the high northern latitude, which loosened and finally ejected them from the bosom of the earth. A few sad memorials only remained at the commencement of the Revolution, tottering to decay, and clustering around the sole monument of other times which at this day [1834] remains, deep-bedded in the ground,—standing alone, like the last warrior at the Pass of Thermopylæ, after all his fellows had been hacked down to the earth. It was the only one whose inscription was legible when the following scene occurred; and, though more than half a century has since passed, it still bears the name of "*John Gardner*" distinctly carved upon it. It owes its preservation to the induration and unyielding nature of its material, which is of a dark silicious texture, and to the depth of its setting in the ground. This stone seems to have given the name to that ancient receptacle of the dead. It was then, and is still, called the "Gardner-burying Ground." It has had many a pilgrimage to its shrine, made alike by all ages and classes, who, escaping from the labour of the day, or rapt in their own reflections, were desirous of strolling in loneliness upon the heath. It was the only spot on a long route over the treeless and uncultivated plain calculated to attract the attention of the passenger; in fact it formed the end of a long walk in that direction, which having been attained, the stroller turned upon his steps.

Towards this secluded spot Imbert and Grimshaw took their way on a Sabbath afternoon, when the month of October was in its wane, and while the inhabitants of the town were at their several places of worship.

Unlike as these gallants were in their temperament —the one mercurial, and the other cold, sedate, and calculating—yet there was a fellow-feeling between them—a sympathy inexplicable in its nature—which bound them to each other. They were young men "pursuing fortune's slippery ba',"—looking to the future, which appeared all smiling to their view: but the one recklessly trusted to the adventitious development of that future, without prudence in the management of the present; while the other cautiously and selfishly laid his plans, and laboured incessantly to influence the attainment of his fond desires. Few words passed between them, until they arrived in sight of the place where the ashes of Gardner reposed. Imbert had lost his usual buoyancy; and Grimshaw, naturally taciturn, forbore to interrupt the silence.

The sight of the gravestones seemed to recall Imbert to his speech. He had evidently been revolving in his mind some unpleasant subject. He bit his nails with impatience; his gestures were sudden and inexplicable, while, now and then, he would utter some hasty exclamation, that appeared to have no connection with any subject.

"You are in a queer humour to-day," said Grimshaw. "What's in the wind now? Upon my soul, you are all at once a most dramatic and agreeable companion."

"I am about to leave you," said Imbert; "and that little cluster of quaint-looking headstones reminds me of the cause. I must in reality part from you in a few days—and I fear you will say I am bound on a Tom Fool's errand!"

"You are, as usual, playing upon my credulity," said Grimshaw: "you will not, surely, leave me to plod on alone, uncheered by your presence, on this 'sand bar?'"

"You mistake, my friend; I was never more serious," replied Imbert: "I shall shortly be a dweller

among the antipodes; and if you have any message to send to the world's end, or to the anthropophagi who dwell in unknown regions beyond, and wear their heads, as we do our fantails, beneath their arms, I advise you to make up your despatches forthwith. I am bound for the Pacific Ocean!"

"Enough of this, Imbert; you have had your joke," returned Grimshaw: "and now tell me how you speed with the daughter of Peleg."

"Pe-leg!" repeated he, slowly, and somewhat scornfully.

"Ay—Peleg Folger; the great admirer of 'minnows and mack'rel!' Is it not a good name to conjure with?"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Imbert, impatiently.

"Well, then, if *his* name does not suit, and the mention of his daughter Mary displeases you, in God's name unfold to me the mystery of your words frankly and fully. To the point—"

"To the point, then, it is," said Imbert; "you have conjured successfully with the name of the daughter, and you shall hear. I know not what attraction there is in yonder spot—but it was there" (and here Imbert pointed to the little clump of gravestones on a slight eminence ahead)—"it was upon that spot—holy or accursed, as it may be—I know not which—that I yesterday declared myself to Mary Folger."

"Aha! Sits the wind there?"

"Hear me, Grimshaw, and you shall judge. There is a witchery about that girl that I cannot withstand. There is heaven in her luscious blue eye—elysium is perched upon her rosy lips—innocence and truth are enthroned upon her countenance—"

"Hoity toity!" said the unmoved Grimshaw, "you *are* in love, forty fathoms deep: or are you mad?"

"I think the latter, upon my honour," said Imbert, seriously; "I have even calculated the moon's age, to ascertain her influence upon the mind: but no more of

that. I invited her to walk with me yesterday, and we sauntered thus far together. I observed an unusual sadness in her manner, that appeared to me unaccountable. I exerted every little art of conversation and remark that I was master of, to dispel the melancholy that evidently hung about her, but to no effect. When we arrived here, a tear stole into her eye, and she turned away from me. I could see that she applied her hand to her eyes; and her manner, so gentle and so winning as it always is, evinced, upon this occasion, a pensiveness of expression that to me was truly distressing.

"'Dear Mary,' said I, 'tell me the cause of your distress. If one, no longer a stranger to you, may presume to inquire what grieves you, I entreat you to confide in me. I will sympathize with you, if I cannot relieve your sorrow.'

"She turned her moist blue eyes upon me, beaming, as I thought, with gratitude, and attempted to speak; but her utterance failed her, and she only pointed to this dark gravestone displaying the name of 'Gardner.' A thought flashed upon me: there is a shy lover of hers who bears that name, and he has crossed my path more than once since I have been here. I have fancied that a speaking devil lurked in his eye, warning me to 'beware!' It may have been only the incipient feeling of jealousy, so nearly allied to love, they say, that it attends upon it close as a shadow to the substance that projects it.

"'What may I understand by your action?' said I; 'these are but the mouldering relics of people of a past century: these rude monuments cannot surely conjure up any remembrance of them; the memory of the entire generation is extinct, and naught lives to preserve them from utter oblivion but

"These frail memorials, still erected nigh,"

to tell their names—their birth—their age—their death. Can any recent association with these have excited unpleasurable feelings?'

"I paused a moment, to observe the effect of my words upon her. She answered me timidly, but with an eloquent gush of natural feeling that went to my heart of hearts.

"'Though the dead that lie here,' said she, 'are incorporated with the earth, and, "dust to dust," are no longer partakers of mortality; yet—nay, let us pass on,' continued she, with strong emotion, 'this is no fitting place for me now.'

"'Nay, dearest,' said I, gently detaining her, 'I would behold the image that has been conjured up in your mind. I entreat you to tell me—'

"'There is a name engraved there,' said she, 'which is also deeply impressed here;' and she laid her hand upon her heart as she spoke.

"'Gardner!' repeated I.

"'Thou hast spoken it,' said she.

"'Ah, now I discern the cause,' replied I; 'the young man departs within a week for the South.'

"'He does,' said she, and sighed deeply. 'There is an indefinable something that tells me misfortune will befall him, and that he departs never more to return. He was the companion of my childhood, and I cannot tell why, but melancholy forebodings whisper to my heart that a tragical end will be his. The name upon the tombstone is that of his ancestor. He was the first of the name known to our island. I grieve to say that I am the principal cause of Harry's going to sea; and I may not retract. Suffice it to say, that it is in pursuance of a custom of the place: it is to fulfil the duties of a species of knight-errantry imposed upon him. It is not meet that I give further explanation at this time.'

"Mary delivered this with much hesitation. An awkward pause ensued, which my wit failed me to break in upon for a while; but the time was come for me to unfold myself, for the melting mood in woman invites to tales of love. Bitterly did I find, however, that my confident calculation in possessing her entire

partiality was a deception; or, at best, that I could only count upon a reversion of her affection. Deeming her heretofore securely my own, and all my own, whenever I might choose to demand the boon, I had carelessly omitted opportunities to prefer my suit; but when I found the prize likely to slip from my grasp, I cursed my own folly, and eagerly sought to retrieve my lost advantage. My experience, you will perceive, has thus made me sensible of the truth of the trite saying, that riches when on the wing seem far more valuable in the eye of the loser than when in absolute possession.

"'I had fondly hoped,' said I to Mary, 'that I might claim an interest in your heart, and ask to have *my* name engraven there; but, alas! you have chilled my hopes—your words have blasted my fond anticipations. Not knowing the cause of your grief, I offered to share it with you; but believe me, dear Mary, I have now a greater need of *your* kindly sympathy.'

"She looked at me in doubt. I could plainly perceive the revulsion in her feelings in the play of her face; and I hastened to follow up the advantage so unexpectedly gained.

"'Grieve not, my dear Mary,' said I, while I took her passive hand in mine; 'the mishaps that you anticipate are but the dreams of a waking fancy, and do not deserve a moment's serious consideration. Grieve not for the departure of Gardner; or, at most, let me hope that you will send after him only such regrets as a *friend* may indulge in; and that *my* assiduity may be rewarded eventually by a smile of approbation.'

"A faint smile dwelt for a moment on her countenance, and I observed that her tears had ceased to flow. They had passed away like a summer's cloud. If ever I believed in my own infallibility, and felt the full force of my vanity in the effect of my power over women, it was then. I had taken her grief by storm: no—it was not altogether by storming—I summoned the citadel, and it capitulated; but some unpleasant conditions were

annexed, which I could ill digest, yet eventually was obliged to accept."

"And those conditions were—"

Grimshaw's question was interrupted by Imbert, who replied, "You shall hear them in good time. In the ardour of my protestation, I demanded of Mary what I should do to prove the sincerity of my love, and challenged her to name a thing possible to be performed, and declared that I, her most devoted admirer, would attempt its execution, in the hope of one day calling her mine. This was, as the event turned out, running a mile beyond the winning post to be sure of the race. It was overdoing the matter; and I fear this extravaganza engendered a doubt of my entire sincerity in her mind. Gentle and confiding as Mary appears, she is shrewd withal. I however managed to draw a confession from her, which placed the cause of her recent grief in its true light, and relieved me somewhat of my shooting pangs of jealousy. It turned out, that although her partiality for Gardner had originated in childhood, it had by no means matured into downright love. The tears I had seen shed were an indication of the progress of her affection, and I had come in time to nip it in the half-blown bud. No absolute engagement exists between them, as I could learn; though there seems to be a tacit understanding among their relatives that he will, at some future day, claim her for his bride; and, until I made my declaration, I am of opinion that she had never seriously thought of any other alliance. Indeed, from my free and easy, and perhaps cavalier, manner of deporting myself in her presence, until yesterday, she could never have been led to believe that I intended more than appeared in my conduct. She was then undeceived. I was vain enough to think that I should be looked upon as rather higher game than common, and that it would be the easiest thing in the world to eclipse Gardner. This was another grand mistake.

"There is an accursed association of women here,"

continued Imbert, "who control the young ones, and make them promise to favour none but such suitors as have pushed their fortunes upon the sea, and performed the delicate operation of letting blood from whales. It has finally come to be a settled thing, that the daughter of a whale-fisherman loses *caste*, and degrades herself in the eyes of her acquaintance, if she unites her destiny to a landsman! This is a damnable prejudice; and I swear, not only to be the means of eradicating it, but to hunt the institution itself down! But to return: Gardner was long ago given to understand, by some means that I cannot comprehend, that Mary's favour was to be propitiated only by a successful exhibition of his talent in the branch of surgery to which I have alluded; and he goes, nothing loath, to gain for himself the name of a fearless whaler—*an exclusive*—before he will be allowed to indulge in hope. Well! Mary, with a determination of manner that has nettled me, and that, to my notion, plainly enough said, 'I have caught you at last, but I doubt your sincerity;' or perhaps for the pleasure of having two strings to her bow, has contrived to impose the same pilgrimage upon me—*me!*—Julius Imbert, M.D., born a gentleman—"

"With a silver spoon in his mouth, I suppose," dryly observed Grimshaw.

"A fair hit," said Imbert; "but, my dear fellow, egotism between us is not boasting, you know."

Imbert proceeded in his narration: "I pressed my suit with her, as I thought, successfully; and went so far as to demand some love-token which I might keep as a testimonial of her favour. I was about to imprint a kiss upon her cheek, to seal, what I thought, a good understanding between us, when she interposed her hand, and said,—

"'Hold, friend Julius! I fear this has proceeded too far already. I cannot allow thee to ratify a contract that I have not yet entirely approved on my part, and whose conditions may perhaps need further considera-

tion on thine. Thou knowest that I am young in years, and lack experience; and thou shouldst not call upon me to act on the spur of the moment. Thy declaration is as sudden as unexpected: and yet thou hast already asked of me a pledge of constancy, and seemest to look upon it as a thing of course that I should at once comply with thy demand. Beshrew me, but thou art overconfident. Young as I am, I know the privilege of my sex: it is for *me* to demand the token from *thee*, as a pledge of thy sincerity and constancy.'

"'Name the boon!' said I.

"'Thou hast already asked of me,' said she, 'to name a task to be performed, as a test of thy purity of intention towards me. Dost thou wish to retract the offer?'

"'No, by heaven!' exclaimed I.

"'Swear not,' said she, 'unless thou wouldst have me to doubt thy truth. Thou dost promise obedience then?'

"'I do.'

"'Listen to me, Julius. I am the youngest member of a certain female association, whose rules I have promised to observe. What those rules are I may not tell thee; but I would not, for a kingdom, be the first to break through the regulations that I have subscribed to —for, if I did, I should lose my own self-esteem, and perhaps meet with the scorn of my associates. I will not further discuss the question whether my adherence to them is wise or unwise: suffice it to say, I am a fast-bound member, and so I must remain. The conversation between thee and me hath proceeded to that extent, that I deem it proper to say thus much to thee: I cannot, under my vow, accept thee as a suitor of mine, until thou hast well and truly proved thyself worthy of alliance with a whale-fisherman's daughter.'

"'And how can I best prove it to you?' demanded I.

"'By going upon the long voyage, and killing thy whale!' answered she.

" 'Why, Mary!—what folly is this!' exclaimed I, vexed at her words.

" 'Thou must do it!' said Mary, with energy, 'and return to me a whale-fisherman—and a brave and skilful one to boot,—or the hand of Mary Folger shall never be thine. My heart is yet free; but there are those who have already undertaken to win it in the way now proposed to thee.'

" 'But, Mary,' said I, 'I have a reputable profession already—and is not that enough? To possess a knowledge of the healing art is held most honourable among all nations; and does *my* profession pass for nothing at Sherburne?'

" 'I will not argue the question with thee; thou mayst take back thy vaunted promise. I thought it would prove, upon the test, a vainglorious boast,—words, mere *words*,—when thou didst volunteer it. Nay, scowl not at me; thou hast forced a bashful maiden to confession, and hast caused her to throw by a portion of the natural delicacy of her sex. We now understand each other; and it is well that thou hast learned, at the outset, that thou canst neither flatter me out of my "mind's propriety" with a smile, nor scare me from my "mental pyramid"* with a frown.'

" 'Mary!' said I, surprised at this trait of firmness in her character, 'my promise shall be kept, and your command shall be performed to the very letter. I did not, it is true, relish your imputation of deceit; but I *will* go, and win a title to your favour by enacting prodigies upon the seas; and if I do not succeed over every rival—for I have rivals, it seems—and prove myself entitled to tell the "biggest fish-story" of them all, I will be content to resign my interest in the prize for which I contend.'

"So now you have heard all, Grimshaw," said Imbert; "and you will confess that I am in a fair way

* Fairfield.

to spend some three years abroad, at the command of a mistress whose knight-errants must poise the lance skilfully, or be disgraced. I could not, as a true knight, back out from any thing that Gardner is willing to undertake to show his devotion. 'None but the brave deserves the fair,' you know; and the bravest upon this occasion wins."

"And are you not, Julius Imbert, M.D., &c., with all your ready wit, a most egregious blockhead—an irreclaimable idiot, to listen for one moment to such folly? By the bones of Thomas à Becket, or of the sainted, puritanic John Gardner, aged 82, beneath our feet, you are either fool or hypocrite, and I suspect the latter. I know you of old—there is more in this than you have dared to tell. You would circumnavigate the globe to win that girl—and then abandon her, as you have the Indian maid!"

"Hush—not so loud!—lest even the gravestone of old Gardner should hear you. It has witnessed one of my follies already; let it not get wind of another, which the censorious world might call equally reprehensible. But be careful how you trench upon private property, my boy. My actions and my after-intentions are my own—they may not be descanted upon thus freely, even by my friend. Poor Manta!" continued Imbert, musing; "was ever being so devoted—the love of Pocahontas was nothing to it! To confess the truth," said he, aloud, "I care not if I absent myself for a season, until the anticipated effects of my *liaison* at Eat-fire Spring shall cease to be the town-talk. It must all be blown shortly, and my departure is to me the less irksome on that account. I should prefer a shorter trip to the continent, however; but the pleasure of tantalizing my rival with my presence will, of itself, prove no small gratification—and so I'll e'en take to the sea. But, by heaven, you say truly!—I *will* win that girl, and in her own way; and though three years' servitude, consorting with greasy whale-killers the while, is an apprenticeship

a thought too long,—yet it is not without precedent in holy writ. Jacob's period of servitude to win Rachel, the daughter of Laban, you know, was twice seven years; but mine, to win the daughter of Peleg, will be a mere bagatelle in the contrast. There is a comfortable doctrine in the text: '*See Genesis*, xxix. 20 *and* 30,' as the man in the pulpit has it. Yes!" continued he, speaking to himself, "I will *win* her—but dearly shall she pay for the biting sneer which goaded me on to this Quixotic expedition:

> 'Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
> I'd whistle her off—and let her down the wind
> To prey at fortune!'"

"And what ship," said Grimshaw, to whom the last remark of Imbert was inaudible—"what ship will have the honour of 'bearing Cæsar and his fortunes?'"

"The Leviathan," answered Imbert; "I have rated myself a landsman on board of her already."

"Were I captain of the Leviathan," said his companion, "methinks I should have chosen one of the hardy Nantucketers in your stead."

"The captain was pretty much of your opinion, I believe," replied Imbert; "it was not without some difficulty that Captain Jon-a-*thin*, as they call him, consented to my going with him. A red coat and smalls, silk hose and fantail-beaver-macaroni, were not the best passports for shipping on board a whaler."

"And how did you manage to creep into favour with the skipper?"

"Before my intention had time to cool, I made personal application to him yesterday. I found him on board the ship, superintending her outfit.

"'Captain,' said I, 'I have a notion of trying my fortunes upon the sea;—can I have a berth with you?'

"'In what capacity?' demanded he, in some astonishment; 'we have no occasion for a surgeon; he would

be of no more use to us than a spare pumpbolt, as our simple mode of living secures to us good health and a long life—barring accidents. Thou dost not surely wish to become *accoucheur* to such "delicate nurslings"* as we have to deal with upon the whaling ground?'

"'Nay, my good sir,' I replied, humouring the joke, 'I do not come to offer professional service—and least of all to those producers of bantling twelve-foot babes that you speak of. I wish not the *increase* of the species, heaven knows; but desire rather to thin the tribe, and to try my skill with the exterminating lance of the whaler—exchanging therefor the lance of my profession, which is likely to grow rusty for lack of use. The people are most distressingly healthy here, sir.'

"'Ho—ho!' snorted the captain; 'come, that last joke is a good one. But, let me tell thee, if thou art serious, that it is a wild scheme; it would be sheer madness in one such as *thou* to attempt it. Be advised, and think no more of pursuing the freak. Why, doctor, what under the sun couldst thou do at sea among the whales? I cannot imagine what good service we could put thee to. Thou canst neither hand, reef, nor steer; pull an oar—slush a mast—climb the rigging—nor—'

"'Stop there,' said I, 'and look you here—'

"With this, being something of a gymnast, I made a spring at the fore-stay, and ascended, hand over hand to the round-top, without touching the rope with my feet; and descended to the deck in the same manner, by my hands alone, on the inner side of the ratlings.

"'There!' said I, 'if any of your crew can beat that, or do any thing else that *I* cannot do, I will agree that I might possibly prove a useless appendage to your ship.'

"'Thy delicate skin and lady-hands belied thee,' answered he; 'they are, in good sooth, no recommend-

* Professor Leslie.

ation to the whale-fisherman. But I see there is metal in thee, and we will soon give them the opportunity of acquiring a substantial coat of brown. Thou mayst come aft and sign the articles, if thou likest. Odds-fish! What will the people say to my having shipped a tippy lobster-coated doctor before the mast!'

"And now, Grimshaw," concluded Imbert, "you have the upshot of the whole matter. But if you imagine that I am going to pine away with useless regrets, or that I cannot put on the manners of a sailor the moment I don his round jacket, you were never more at fault. I have that in me which people call versatility of character; and, let me go where I will, it is an easy thing to accommodate myself to circumstances. It is not now *in* character, to be sure, to troll a sailor's song, and make gestures 'to match,' in this fashionable toggery —and upon a Sunday, too—but *n'importe;* we are alone—and you shall hear—so here goes:—

'When the anchor's weighed, and the ship's unmoored,
And landsmen lag behind, sir,
The sailor joyfully skips on board,
And, swearing, prays for wind, sir:
Towing here—yeboing there—
Steadily, readily, cheerily, merrily—
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with freshening breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick, sir,
The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
And the song and the can go quick, sir:
Laughing here—quaffing there,'" &c.*

* From an early number of the "*Port-folio,*" published originally in Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER VIII.

———By all heaven's powers,
Prophetic truth dwells in you!
*Venice Preserved.*

An American whale-ship is fitted out with more than ordinary care. The health of the crew is of paramount importance; and their food and clothing are generally selected with reference to the variation of all climates. A heedful commander will display as much anxiety in culling and packing his sea-biscuit, as a careful matron in stowing away her three years' supply of pound-cake in jars of stone. For the better keeping of the hard bread, casks that have contained ardent spirits are sought for with avidity; and sometimes, when these are not to be had, new barrels are prepared with a coating of the spirits of turpentine between the joints of the staves, as a protection against the worms that are generated in the biscuit and pease of the sailor, when put up for long voyages. The beef and the pork must be cured and packed in the best possible manner; and such vegetables as can be preserved for any length of time are picked over again and again upon the voyage, and used with rigid economy. The potato is a luxury at sea, and is held in high estimation as an anti-scorbutic. It is sometimes grated by the sailor, like horseradish, and eaten raw with vinegar. Prepared in this way, he finds it a delightful condiment to the salted provisions, of which he is obliged to partake, day after day for months together, after the livestock, with which he is plentifully provided at first, is exhausted. Other provisions are also procured with an especial eye to preser-

vation and the comfort of the crew. Flour, and meal, and molasses, and vinegar, and all necessary things, are laid in of the best quality; and that commander would be regarded as criminal in his conduct who failed to inspect with his own eyes, and to select with his best judgment, whatever is intended for his crew, who are invariably destined to undergo hardships and privations, upon a long whaling voyage, that are not dreamed of by landsmen, who go not "down to the sea in ships," but quietly stay at home, and enjoy the comforts of a snug chimney-corner while the storm rages abroad.

The women, too, in those places that the whale-fishermen call their home, are ever watchful of the comfort of the crews. The expected departure of a whale-ship is to them a season of anxiety and preparation. Mattresses and bed-clothing, trousers and jackets, stockings and shirts, pea-jackets and storm-coats, are carefully overhauled, and the rents in the garments made whole. New supplies of clothing are added, to suit all weathers; and a thousand little nicknacks and keepsakes are stowed away in chests and clothes-bags, that betray the tender consideration of woman for her sailor-kindred.

It is only by attentions like these that our race of the bravest and best seamen in the world is preserved. Neglect these precautions, and you may be sure that the privations consequent upon their omission would send home your crews mutinous and dissatisfied; and that the hazardous but exciting trade itself would soon be neglected, and come to a natural decay.

There are other things of equal importance, that are looked to with a critical eye by the experienced whaling captain; and the success of his voyage often depends upon them, as much as upon an active and willing crew. The ship must be well found in spars and rigging; the clinker-built whale-boats must be light and buoyant; the oars well balanced, and of the toughest material; the lines well spun, and the harpoons, and lances, and blub-

ber spades made of tough and pliant iron, and laid with the best of steel. With preparations such as these, —with fearless hearts, strong hands, and steady eyes— success is almost certain. But the perils of the trade, and the many casualties of the profession, often render the best preparatory measures nugatory, and the voyage disastrous.

A whaling captain, in the very best sense of the word, was Jonathan Coleman, the commander of the Leviathan. He was a light-hearted, merry fellow, and loved his joke; but his profession was, notwithstanding, a passion with him. He had, with constant assiduity, overlooked the stowage of his provisions and his oil-casks; picked his crew from the young and hardy men of the island; paid frequent visits to the forecastle, and pried, good-naturedly, into the preparations of the seamen; and, where it was necessary, gave them good advice for their future welfare: and he sometimes insisted pertinaciously upon an additional blanket, or a better bed— a new pea-jacket, or an additional flannel shirt. If means were lacking for a proper outfit, his hand and his purse were open to supply the purchase, either as a gift or as a loan.

"Darn your skins!" said he, "you must trust to an old whaler in these matters: there must be no grumbling on board my ship—no shivering with cold—no short allowance: I am determined you *shall* be comfortable. But mark!—when we get upon whaling ground, every one must do his duty. I should almost be tempted to pitch a man into the sea, if I saw him blench, or even wink, at danger. Plenty to eat, and plenty to drink,— but no skulking, my boys!"

The reader will not think it strange, if such a man as the captain of the Leviathan was a favourite with his crew. His motto was—"Business first, and pleasure afterward."

"Come, my lads!" said he, when he saw the ship ready for sea, "our labour for the present is done. The

remainder of the day is yours: trundle yourselves ashore, all who wish—and say farewell to your friends—kiss your sweethearts—and be jolly for the hour,—for to-morrow we set sail. So away with you all!"

The hint of the captain was obeyed by more than half his men: but there were some interdicted from a participation in the leave granted to go ashore; and these were a boat's crew of five or six Indians, most of whom, for some offence, had been compelled to enter on board the Leviathan. They were large men, and, as usual with the Indian, strong and muscular; and for that reason had been chosen by Coleman to man the first whale-boat—an honour that was frequently granted to length of wind and dogged endurance, in preference to general activity. The trouble of collecting these fellows again—for it was believed they would not voluntarily return—was the reason assigned for the denial to them of a few hours' liberty ashore. They formed a mess by themselves. Quibby, as the reader is aware, had been placed on board by the Selectmen. He did not, however, partake of his meals with the rest, but was observed to keep aloof, and to brood over his confinement with a grim expression of visage that was any thing but pleasant to look upon.

Among those who most eagerly availed themselves of the proffered leave of absence were Starbuck, Gardner, and Imbert.

"I know Harry's object in going ashore, well enough," said Imbert to himself; "and wheresoever he goes—provided Mary be there—I will most assuredly be present. There must be no more 'last words' between them, or I may run a chance of being defeated before I have set out upon my pilgrimage to whaling-land. No, no, my boy!—you don't catch me sleeping now; no more tears, nor kisses, nor love-tokens, without I have a share therein!"

Harry and Thomas went to their homes for the purpose of brushing up a little, before seeing their mis-

tresses for the last leave-taking; but Imbert steered directly for the house of Peleg. He was rigged out in his sailor-clothes; and, like all sailors, was somewhat perfumed with tar. He found Mary melancholy and alone: but the unexpected sight of her visiter, in his blue sailor-jacket, which became him well, brought a smile to her features, and revived her spirits. She had made up her mind that the busy affairs of the ship, now on the eve of departure, would prevent the possibility of her again seeing either of her suitors, before their distant return from sea; but she was glad to be thus disappointed. On seeing Imbert, she was sure that Harry would not be long behind him.

"You see, Mary, that I have fairly undertaken to execute your cruel commands," said he; and he then added, in playful badinage, "pray, how do you like my new costume? It is every inch a sailor's—isn't it? It is not half so cumbersome as Don Quixote's coat-of-mail, in which he assaulted the windmills; but its wearer, I fear, is going on an expedition equally foolish."

"Oh say not so!" said Mary, while a momentary shade came across her countenance: "thy dress becomes thee much—thou wert surely born to wear a sailor's jacket—"

"For three years at least," answered Imbert; "by which time I hope to prove an accomplished seaman and whale-killer to boot, for your sake, Mary. Why, I am more than half a sailor already. I have learned the names of all the ropes about the ship, and can point them out, and handle them, as readily as a starved apothecary can find out his drugs by the labels on his boxes and gallipots. I have had my hands in tar, too, as you may perceive; and have turned the laugh upon some of my knowing shipmates, more than once, when they have ventured to suspect me of ignorance. I won the heart of the captain by climbing up the fore-stay, without the assistance of my feet; and have made my

brother sailors believe that I think a tub of lobscous the most savoury dish in the world. The only man I have not been able to make my friend is Harry Gardner; and as I am sure he will shortly be here, to assist me in taking a most lachrymose leave of you, I hope you will urge upon him the propriety of showing a better temper in my presence for the future. To end the history of my 'pilgrim's progress,' I will just give you a short imitation of myself, and show you the way in which I amuse my fellows when off duty: listen, Mary, and don't laugh, while I thunder forth a verse of my favourite sailor's song,—'suiting the action to the word, the word to the action:'—

'When the sky grows black, and the wind blows hard,
And landsmen skulk below, sir,
Jack mounts up to the topsail-yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, sir;
Hauling here—bawling there—
Steadily, readily, cheerily, merrily;
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life at sea.'"

The vapours of Mary entirely gave way before the rattling nonsense and jack-tar imitations of Imbert; and she burst forth into a fit of loud laughter. In the midst of her cachinnatory exercise, Harry Gardner entered the room.

He was thunderstruck at finding Imbert there before him, and Mary indulging in such unseemly levity, at a time when decent sighs and tears should have been the prevailing fashion. He hesitated a moment at the doorway, and appeared bewildered at what he saw. His first resolution was to retreat; the next to remain —and he thereupon formally took a chair.

"I am glad to see you so merry!" said Harry at last, while his countenance gave the lie to his words.

"Ah, Harry, I have been melancholy enough, for a week past, to be pardoned a harmless laugh at the drolleries of this new-made sailor. He tells me that

you are to be companions on the voyage, but complains of thy distant and captious conduct towards him on shipboard."

"And did he show *me* up as a subject to excite your merriment, just before I entered your presence?" demanded Gardner, fiercely. Imbert returned the defying glance of his rival with interest.

"Nay, nay—thou art all too hot in thy suspicions: I was but laughing at his imitations of a sailor, while he sang a verse of a sea-song."

"Then, as I have interrupted the merriment, I will withdraw," said Harry, rising from his chair, hurt—he scarcely knew at what.

"Nay—thou takest not leave of Mary in such a guise," said she, extending her hand to him. Harry's anger was chased away by a smile. Mary extended her other hand to Imbert, and beckoned him to approach.

"Come hither, both of you," said she, drawing Harry gently into the room again—"there is a hand for each of you, as a pledge of my friendship. It becomes me not to question the reason why you get angry at each other; but, mark me, both—he that hereafter first gives cause of quarrel to the other shall forfeit that friendship for ever. You are to be companions, messmates, for three long years; remember, he that is most forbearing, he that is bravest, and truest to my injunction, may count upon a smile of recognition from Mary when he returns." Mary blushed deeply when she had uttered this, fearing she had exceeded maidenly propriety in thus interfering to secure a permanent courtesy between the rivals.

"I know not, Mary," answered Imbert, "whether, by placing your left hand in mine, you intended me to understand that I am held nearest your heart; but I will quit its hold, to offer Gardner the pledge of that hand which has held yours, as a warranty, on my part, of the faithful execution of your commands. Will you

meet it, sir?" demanded Imbert, extending his open hand.

"I will," replied Gardner, "and pledge you honestly and fairly."

"Minnows and mack'rel!" exclaimed Peleg, entering at that moment: "what does all this mean? Bidding farewell, hey? What a shilly-shally set the young men are nowadays! Give the girl a smack, and off to sea with a light heart, my lads: that was the way when I was young!"

Neither of the young men dared to obey the command of Peleg; though either would most probably have attempted it, if he had been alone with Mary. The scene was becoming somewhat awkward to manage; and both the young men, as if by mutual consent, motioned to depart. There was a shaking of hands, however; and a farewell, faintly uttered by Mary, and then the rivals disappeared, and walked off together.

Thomas Starbuck had, in the mean time, gained admittance to Ruth. He was ushered into the grand parlour of Miriam, where he found Ruth and her mother, and the stick-plaster 'Squire Grimshaw. Ruth placed a chair for Thomas. A long silence ensued, which Miriam and Grimshaw were determined should be sufficiently irksome, so far as they could prolong it by their presence. Ruth and Thomas had a mighty strife within, for words to commence a conversation; but they died away upon their lips, or stuck fast in their throats. At last, from sheer pity, and to end the long agony, Miriam spoke up.

"So, neighbour Thomas," said she, "I hear thou art going to sea in one of *my* ships to-morrow."

"I am," said he.

"And thou comest to say farewell, I suppose," continued she.

"I do," answered he.

"Well, Thomas, few words suffice for leave-taking," added she, by way of a hint for him to be jogging.

"Madam!" exclaimed Thomas, starting to his feet, in a hurry to be gone.

"Mother!" exclaimed Ruth, turning red with shame, and starting to *her* feet. Ruth went immediately up to Thomas, and gave him her hand, with a frankness altogether at variance with her previous embarrassment. "If thou hast come to bid us farewell," said Ruth, while her voice faltered, "take my best wishes with thee."

"I will remember your words," said Thomas, moving towards the door.

"And, Thomas," said she, in a husky whisper, "do thou be true and brave, and, when thou returnest, thou shalt find that Ruth has remembered thee. Fare thee well!"

"Fear not me, dearest Ruth, if I may call you thus: although your mother's coldness fell like an icicle on my heart, the needle cannot be truer to the pole than I will be to you. Farewell, Ruth!"

Miriam bustled towards the door, in order to cut short all further parley; but she found Thomas already gone, and Ruth straining her eyes after him from the doorway.

"A three years' absence will cure thee of this childish dream," thought Miriam; and, thinking so, she forbore to inflict upon her daughter the observations that were rising to her lips.

Harry and Thomas met each other in the street, soon after making their adieux to their mistresses, and related their various success; and although the former was not altogether pleased with the share which Imbert appeared to hold in the affections of Mary, he was obliged to be content for the present. Thomas had no cause of complaint whatever against Ruth, and by this time he had half-forgotten Miriam's rude treatment. He knew the inflexible determination of Ruth, and that she would prove true as steel. He sighed, however, when he thought of his lowly fortunes; but he was cheered when

he reflected that he was in the same road to improve his estate that others had successfully trod before him.

It is a trite and oft-repeated saying, that sailors are superstitious. It is true in the main; and our young whale-fishermen were not exempt from the failing of their brotherhood. The eve of the sailing of a whale-ship from Nantucket was always a prolific time for the fortune-teller. The hut of Judith Quary had already been secretly visited by many of the sailors of the Leviathan, who had crossed her palm with silver coin, and had good or ill fortune bespoke for them, according as they were generous or niggard in their gifts. Gardner and Starbuck, half-rejoicing that the Herculean labour of paying their farewell visits had been got through with, and the "farewell" said, without the usual inconvenient "blubbering," as they termed it, agreed to meet each other after nightfall at the hut of Judith, when it was most likely they would be unnoticed by the curious; for, seamen as they were, and, of course, somewhat superstitious, they were not insensible to the world's dread laugh, and therefore chose to consult the fortune-teller secretly.

At the appointed hour they were at the door of the hut, in the midst of the dark heath. They knocked loud and long, but were unanswered. Listening attentively, however, they heard a suppressed conversation going on at times within; and, being vexed at the delay in answering their summons, they uttered some vague threat of violence upon the door, if it were not instantly opened to them. This had the desired effect; for Judith, in total darkness, withdrew the fastening, and commenced scolding the young men for their unseasonable hours.

"Ha!—Judith!" said Thomas, disregarding her threats, "have we started you at last?—Mother Judith, be satisfied that we have come in good faith, and will not trouble you again for three years to come. Strike a light, good Judith, and turn us up a lucky voyage;

and, by-the-way, tell us something about our sweethearts—come! that's a good mother!"

"How coaxing they all are, when they want good fortunes told them," said Judith; "and vastly polite withal: but that over, Judith may starve, for aught they care. Well!" continued she, fumbling for her tinder-box, "if I must, I must; pence are not so very plenty, nowadays, that I can afford to turn customers away. You should have come earlier, though, for the night is apt to prove unlucky. There is the light—come in."

The young men entered the gloomy hut, and sat down. She looked at them closely, holding the lamp up to their faces. She then examined their palms. The result, apparently, was not a pleasant one, for she shook her head, and looked grave and mysterious. These were common tricks of her art, however, and passed for nothing with the young sailors: they had seen such manœuvres before.

"Speak out, Judith," said Harry; "but, by-the-by, friend Thomas, we have forgotten to unloose her tongue. There, Judith, is your fee for both." A half-crown rolled upon the table, which she eagerly snatched up and pocketed.

"That round piece of silver, with a king's head upon it, should buy you a good and prosperous voyage," said she; "for it is a more liberal fee than people are in the habit of giving me. But faces and palms will sometimes deceive; and these, to-night, have not spoken well for you."

"Try the cards, then," said Thomas.

"No," answered she, "they are deceptive, too, at times; but the cup has never failed me."

"The cup then be the trial," answered Starbuck; "and if that corroborates what the face and the palm have shadowed forth, why, e'en let us hear it, be it good or bad."

The woman poured some tea-grounds into a cup, and turned it several times, bottom upwards, on a platter.

She looked at the interior a moment, and her whole soul seemed breaking forth from her eyes. She tried the experiment again; and the result, judging from her actions, was evidently similar to the first. Her frame trembled, and cold drops of perspiration hung upon her forehead. Panting with affright at the image she had conjured up, she convulsively dashed the tea-grounds from the cup, and repeated the trick for the third time. Her hand rested for a moment on the cup, before she ventured to lift it. She turned it slowly to the light, and exclaimed, horror-struck,—

"There is death in the cup!"

The attention of the young men was excited to the highest pitch. They demanded of her to tell them further.

"Seek not," said she, solemnly, "to unravel more. Go home, young men; and, if you are wise, go not to sea. More I wish not to tell."

"Tut! and is that all! There is not an old woman in all the land that would not advise the same thing, for the sake of tying her darling to her apron-string," said Thomas, with a sneer in his accent. "You said there was death in the cup!—it may come to either of us as well on the land as on the sea."

"It will come to both," answered she, "if you go to sea to-morrow."

"It never rains but it pours," said Thomas; "good luck or ill, it comes in immoderate showers, when sent by you, Judith. Two deaths on the same voyage! That is rather bountiful, good Judith!"

"Thrice have I sought to change these figures in the cup, and thrice have they come up the same!—Say you there is nothing in that?"

"Ay!—there is nothing extraordinary in the disposition of the leaves in that cup," said Harry Gardner. "Come, come, my good woman, you don't scare us so easily."

"Unbeliever!" exclaimed she, "you would not

credit the prophecy of your grandsire, were his ghost to rise from the grave to deliver it!"

"Certainly not," said Harry, "if he used such means as this to prophesy with. Hist! what noise is that?"

A slight but prolonged groan was distinctly heard by all. The young men turned pale; but Judith took advantage of the circumstance to impress her auditors with her skill in her vocation.

"Speak not irreverently of the dead!" said she.

"It was you that raised the ghost," said Harry, "and not we; that is, if so be it *was* a ghost that spoke. But go on, and explain the figures that you pretend to see in the cup."

"Why, look you there," continued Judith; "see you not that monster with open jaws?"

"Ay, there is something like a whale, to be sure," answered Thomas, with an awakened interest in his countenance.

"I do not see it," said Harry; "it is but a mass of tea-leaves."

"It concerns not you," said Judith, in answer to Harry's observation; "but it deeply concerns him who can most easily make it out."

"But what of the whale?" demanded Thomas, with additional eagerness.

"Seest thou not a small object projecting from its jaws?" said Judith.

"I do," answered Thomas; "it is the only thing that disfigures the outline of the whale."

"It is the half-swallowed body of a man!" exclaimed Judith.

Thomas was for a moment thoughtful and sad; but he rallied himself, and pursued the questioning of the fortune-teller. She proceeded—

"Do you see that ship at anchor, with her sails furled?"

"I cannot distinguish the outline," said Thomas.

"But *I* can, though, and quite distinctly," interrupted Harry; "what does the ship import?"

"It imports to *you* much," replied the fortune-teller; "for you are able to distinguish the figure. There is great confusion on her deck: she has just returned from an interrupted and disastrous voyage: there has been a foul deed done on board—it is *murder!*"

Harry shuddered as she uttered the dreadful word.

"There is a gallows on that hill," said she, pointing with her finger to what indeed looked like that contrivance to stretch human beings upon. Judith continued—"Ha! I should know that form! it is an Indian's! it is—it is *he!*"

Judith dropped the cup, and the pieces jingled on the floor. Another groan, as of one in a disturbed sleep, succeeded. The young men jumped to their feet in an instant, and rushed together to a neighbouring closet. Judith sprang after them—but it was too late to prevent discovery. They dragged forth the half-inanimate body of Quibby, who had escaped from the ship by dropping silently into the water, and swimming ashore. The liquor he had found in the closet proved too potent for his faculties; and it was he who had groaned in the stupor of his maudlin sleep.

"Harm him not!" exclaimed Judith; "but depart, and leave him with me."

"It may not be as you command," said Thomas; "he goes with us."

"Go hence, young men,—but take not him,—nor venture upon the seas with him, as you value your lives. If you despise my warning, beware of the consequences! The fate of Jonah, without his deliverance, shall be the lot of one of you, among the first brood of whales that you encounter; and as for the other—I would, at least, that I might avert the fate of the other—for the prisoner you hold must suffer for the deed! Let Quibby go free, and all may yet be well. I beg the boon of you; for, persecuted as he is by those

in power, he is the only person who of late has been kind to me."

"Away!—witch!" exclaimed Thomas, "it is folly to heed you longer; and, but for the passing of an idle hour, we had not provoked you to such silly speech as you have contrived, though but for a minute, to deceive us withal! We part not with Quibby, neither: he has escaped from the vessel, we know—his wet jacket testifies to the fact; and we should be wanting in duty, as well to our captain as to the magistrates of the town, were we not to restore him to the ship."

"Fools that ye are!" said Judith, "to rush upon your fate! Go, then," continued she, as they departed, closely guarding the runaway between them; "and may my malison be upon you—for you are doomed men!

'Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you;—the devil make a third—
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!'"

## CHAPTER IX.

The time is out of joint!
*Hamlet.*

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me;—
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.
*Old Song.*

"And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colours with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand."
*National Gazette.*

With the rising sun the Leviathan tripped her anchor, and took her departure for the place of rendezvous at Walwich Bay. Before her sails were loosed, with extraordinary punctuality as to the time appointed, two boats reached the ship, containing the shore-going part of the crew, of whom we have spoken, accompanied by the captain, who had gone ashore with a determination to be prompt in supplying the place of any man who should unnecessarily linger beyond his hour. He was not a little surprised to find Quibby among the rest; for as yet he had not been missed from the ship. The sulky Indian was duly delivered over by his captors, and compelled to aid in pulling himself back to the Leviathan. The manner of finding him was honestly detailed to the captain by the young men; and every word and circumstance of the fortune-teller's prophecy minutely recapitulated. Good-natured and careless of speech as Coleman was generally,—inspiring life and activity in his crew by his own cheerfulness,—he could not resist the solemn impressions that stole over him, upon hearing the circumstances of the interview with Judith recounted.

Taking the cue from the captain, who was unusually taciturn for the hour, the sailors rowed off to the ship in silence; and not a word, except occasionally a slight command from the coxswains, was breathed by the crews. The misty advance of the dawn, and the deep, blood-red, refracted sun, struggling through the thick atmosphere at his rising, were in unison with the chill silence of the oarsmen, which was broken only by the long and measured stroke of the oars, that gave back a melancholy sound, much like the cheerless ticking of a clock in the still hour of midnight. A few sea-gulls hovered over the boats, screaming, at times, loudly and unpleasantly. The scene was painful to all; but nothing occurred to interrupt its awkwardness, until the boats touched the side of the ship, when the men, glad to escape from the unnatural coventry to which they had subjected themselves, scrambled eagerly up to the deck.

"This is any thing but a merry parting," whispered one. "Long faces are the fashion with all hands!"

"It's a bad omen!" said another.

"There must be a Jonah aboard!" exclaimed a third.

"True! that infernal Indian is here!" responded a fourth.

The lynx-eyed captain saw his men gathering into small groups about the deck, and conversing in mysterious whispers. The scene at the fortune-teller's was rehearsing among them, with variations and additions, as he judged by the sober faces of the men. An hour's conversation upon such mysterious subjects, at a time like the present, he knew would be fatal to the voyage: for some of the men, unwilling to abide the witch's augury, were already hinting that they would fain return to the shore. There was a movement made by several towards the quarter-deck; and Coleman thought he could read that in their faces which betokened a determination to be liberated from their engagements. The superstitious belief of some seamen is, in fact,

their religion; and its promptings are matters of conscience. The most skilful tact, therefore, is required to counteract its baneful influence over the minds of a crew. The captain bethought himself of an expedient. His luggage was still in the boat alongside, and he hastily called two or three of the malecontents, in his wonted cheerful voice, to jump into the boat and pass up the articles lying in the stern-sheets; while, in the same breath, the mates were ordered to loose the sails and heave up the anchor. This had the desired effect; for the bustle that followed was in consonance with the sailors' notions of the spirit-stirring scene of getting under way. The cheering sound of "*Ye-ho-heave-o!*" was responded to by the men upon the forecastle, tugging lustily at the windlass; and the men upon the yards began to feel in their element once more, as they briskly executed the quick and peremptory orders of their officers. The captain still kept his eye upon the boat at the side, giving the disheartened men upon luggage duty no time for a moment's consideration.

"Bear a hand there, Jenkins, and pass up the can containing the morning's grog: be careful, man, and don't spill the kritter—unless it be down thy own throat: so!—all's safe!"

The serious face of Jenkins was lit up with a faint smile at the attempted joke of the captain, and he tugged the more earnestly at his work—passing up in succession all the nicknacks and small-stores that had come off in the boat. At last, packed away at the bottom of the stern-sheets, a curious box was discovered, that drew forth a silent chuckle from the men in the boat, as it was lifted up to the captain.

"Aha!" shouted Coleman, as he seized upon the circumstance to say something encouraging to his men, "be careful of that box, boys; there's fun and frolic packed up there; it's my favourite child—and he squalls terribly with bad usage: but a good nurse and delicate fingering delight him overmuch. Come up

here, thou king of *fiddles!* and let me try whether the dews of the morning have affected thy smooth voice!"

The captain immediately strung the instrument, and, apparently in a careless mood, as if to try the fiddle, but in reality with deep anxiety, he dashed off upon some rattling tune, that reached the ears of all on board, alow and aloft. He furtively watched the effect upon the men, and was not disappointed in the result. A grin of satisfaction, and a knowing nod of the head, passed from one to another, and good-humour was restored. He put the cap-sheaf upon his manœuvre by piping the men to grog.

"Avast heaving there!" said the captain; "let all hands come aft. Steward, pass the horn round, and see that the main-brace is set up taught: a cold morning this, boys—fill up, fill up—the liquor's good, and plenty of it!"

There were no more sober faces that day; and the occurrences of the morning, and of the previous evening, were soon forgotten.

The Leviathan held on her course steadily, and, in due season, entered the Bay of Walwich. She there found her consort; and as she anchored abreast of the Grampus, the crews saluted each other with three hearty cheers. Boats rapidly passed from one to the other; and news from home, and many kindly greetings, were given and received; and a day of merry indulgence crowned the happy meeting. The fiddle of Jonathan was put in requisition, until the cramped fingers of the player could hold out no longer.

The wondering Hottentots crowded the shore as usual; and, seeing the sailors jigging it away, the huge bronzed natives of the woolly tribe commenced cutting their capers too, in close imitation of their white visiters; but they danced without motive, and without feeling a particle of the enjoyment or spirit of the scene. The Hottentots carry no *soul* in their amusements. They are a languid and gluttonous race, and are devoid

of energy or enterprise. Those now assembled upon the shore were waiting for the *kreng*, or carcass of the whale, the prize of Seth, which had been towed to the anchorage of the Grampus, and was undergoing the operation of "*flinching*," or "*flensing*," which deprives the mass of its outer coating of blubber. Temporary try-works, or oil-kettles, had been set up on board the ship; and, when the Leviathan arrived, a hundred barrels of oil had been tried out; and in the course of the day, the huge carcass, deprived of all that was valuable, was cut loose, and launched into the bay, before the longing eyes of the hungry natives. It soon grounded on the shore; and, when the tide receded, the feast of putrescence was greedily commenced by the locust multitude of dainty ebony gourmands.

The ships now left their anchorage, and bore away for The Horn.

The passage round this promontory is made by all navigators, except our own, with dread and apprehension. The "Stormy Cape"—the bugbear of the Spaniards—has ceased to scare the Americans, as it should all other nations. With us, there is no longer any foolish preparation of spars and rigging, while doubling this cape; and, from our fearless example, we may shortly hope that, forgetting the nursery tales of Patagonian giants and storms, all navigators will cease to look upon "The Horn" as a "*Cabo des los Tormentos*," and that they will regard it with its prominent brother of the other continent, and for similar reasons, as a "*Cabo di bon Esperanza*." Much of ideal security, or of danger, is made to consist in the presence or absence of the means of relief and support; and, perhaps, if a friendly settlement, capable of yielding supplies, were established at or near Cape Horn, as at the Cape of Good Hope, the exaggerated dangers of the former would never more be dreamed of.

It has fallen to the lot of our Nantucketmen to pilot the way here, as it has, in many other instances, to be

pioneers amid nautical dangers—amid reefs and quicksands, rocks and currents, in distant and unexplored seas. While the island of Nantucket is their sea-girt place of rest, in which all their joys and affections centre, their secondary home is upon the broad Pacific. Distant as it is, it is their own ocean. It is their fishing-ground; its perils, and its sources of wealth and enjoyment, are theirs. Hail, mighty water! thou hast been generous to brave men, and we would speak of thee proudly, and as thou dost deserve to be spoken of!

Upon emerging into the Pacific Ocean, and coming into more temperate latitudes, arrangements were made by the captains for recruiting after the long voyage. A large portion of the oil of the whale caught in Walwich Bay was transferred to the Leviathan; and Coleman bore up for one of the South American ports, with the design of exchanging or disposing of it for fresh provisions. The Grampus held on her way to the Gallipagos Islands, to lay in a supply of the delicate turtle which abound there in inexhaustible numbers.

The Gallipagos turtle, or terrapin, which lives only on land, and differs in that respect from the green turtle, is a peculiar and luscious food. These animals are found in no other place than these islands; and hence the name of the cluster. They may be stowed away in the hold of a vessel; and, without being fed, can be preserved alive for more than a year, without any sensible diminution in their weight. They carry their own supply of water about them. Their flesh is a luxury from which the appetite never turns away with satiety; and every whaler will dilate upon the dainties of the dish with irrepressible fluency. "*Toujours perdrix*" never applies to the uncloying terrapin food of the Gallipagos.

The rendezvous of the ships was appointed at one of this group of islands, and a fortnight from the time of separating was fixed for their reunion. No whales had yet appeared. The season for the spermaceti, in this

latitude, had not yet come. Indeed, whole months are sometimes passed without falling in with a solitary animal, in some of those seas; while in other parallels they may be found in abundance. The experienced whale-fisherman will accommodate his cruising latitudes to the known seasons of their appearance; while the novice will keep all sail set, for months together, and be as likely to run away from their haunts as to approach them. When the sperm-whale is met with, however, it is not singly, nor in pairs; but whole troops go together, consisting sometimes of females and their young, led on and protected, as it were, by a single enormous patriarch of the male species. A skilful commander among a troop of these, aided by expert officers, will contrive to thin their ranks of some half a dozen, before his day's work is complete; and if the young ones are first singled out, the mothers generally fall an easy prey to the pursuer, from indulgence in that affectionate principle, implanted in all natures, brute as well as human, which prompts the female to protect her young.

While the voyage of the Leviathan was successfully made, so far as to get into a Spanish port without accident, and while Jonathan is chaffering for the sale or exchange of his oil, we must follow the Grampus in an unexpected turn of fortune.

The latter vessel was within a few days' sail of the Gallipagos, when she was arrested by one of those tremendous hurricanes, that sometimes blow up suddenly in heated equinoctial regions, and carry every thing before their irresistible power. To contend against the gale that now blew upon the Grampus was worse than useless. There was hardly time to hand the sails, and put the vessel before the wind under bare poles, before the strength of her spars was tried by a rushing blast that made all crack again. The ship behaved well, however, and sustained her previous reputation for a capital sea-boat. Nevertheless she was careering on,

with unmeasured speed before the hurricane, until Seth had gone over many more degrees of longitude than he had ever before ventured to traverse in the present region.

The ship was constantly leaving the American coast, before a strong gale from the north-east. Macy knew that all, or nearly all, the islands then known in the Pacific were laid down, upon the common charts in use, imperfectly; and that others were growing out of the water, from day to day, by the slow but sure process of deposite of that *building worm* to which the coral islands in the Pacific owe their origin. He found himself dashing in among these numberless isles, without the power of controlling his noble ship, except in keeping her steadily driving before the wind. The perils of these seas at such a time are great and inappreciable. The heart of Seth was dismayed: but the crew, who never troubled themselves with the intricacies of navigation, were as yet unaware of the extent of their danger. They were active and on the alert, and quick to obey every command about the deck; but no man dared to ascend the shrouds. Indeed Seth would sooner lose his masts than his men. The spars might possibly be preserved by running with the wind; but it was sure destruction to the individual to order a man aloft. He could control nothing—remedy nothing; for the masts and spars bent and quivered like the leaves of the aspen, while the cordage rattled to and fro, as if swayed by a thousand furies.

For two days the gale held on in its turbulent fury, lashing the ocean into foam, and forcing the billows mountain high. Island after island was passed, of that countless number that stud the Pacific; some barren, some covered with verdure and trees,—but all so low as to be but just verging above the water. Some were peopled with naked inhabitants, who ran along the shore, and clapped their hands in wonder at the strange sight of the ship, which they mistook for some huge animal

rushing by with inimitable speed. No haven appeared in sight to which to fly for shelter; and the seamanship of every man was tried to the uttermost, in manœuvring to escape shipwreck upon these inhospitable shores. The storm-sails were tried; but before they were well hoisted they were torn to ribands, and the flapping shreds became knotted, like thongs, in an instant.

The night of the second day set in. The crew by this time had become acquainted with all the dangers of their fearful progress. The first day had been passed without meeting with many islands; but with the experience of the second, they now saw nothing but the horrors of death before them at every plunge. Still they were bold and courageous, and blenched not. They were ready to use all human means for their preservation; but they were deeply impressed with the belief that their time was come, and that all exertion would be unavailing among the dangerous archipelagoes through which they were forced to thread their uncertain way. The night was dark; and the look-out upon the bows, while endeavouring to pierce the gloom, declared, from time to time, as he was hailed in the pauses of the storm, that he could not distinguish the end of the bowsprit. Thunder and lightning now accompanied the blast. The roar of the one seemed to give notice that all Pandemonium was let loose, while the vivid lightning, so terrible and impressive at other times, was now a relief to the terror-stricken men, who eagerly strained their eyes in the direction of the ship's course, whenever it sent forth its strong lurid coruscation upon the waters. Flash after flash gave them a momentary reprieve, and showed them, as yet, clear sea-room ahead.

The night was considerably advanced when the fierce tempest began to lull. Hope, for the first time, sprung up in the bosoms of all. The ship was now brought with her side to the wind, and her speed to leeward was consequently greatly diminished. Sails were about

being set to keep the ship in her position, when a strong flash of lightning brought a renewal of all their dangers.

"Land on the lee-bow!" resounded from twenty voices.

"Let go the anchor!" shouted the captain: but before the order could be executed, the ship struck and became immoveable. The shock was not severe, but seemed to produce a sort of grating sound, as if the keel was passing like a sleigh-runner over bare ground.

After the first confusion subsided, it was discovered, by the flashes of the lightning, that the ship, after being brought to the wind, had worked herself, by the aid of a strong current, around a projecting point of land, and had grounded at some distance from the shore, on the lee-side of a high island. As yet it could not be discovered whether the situation was dangerous, or whether the ship could be got off at a favourable state of the tide. It was with great joy, however, that the pumps were sounded, and no leak appeared. The ship in a few minutes gently heeled over, and showed that the tide was receding. It was determined to wait for the dawn of day, and for the reflux of the tide, before any measures should be taken to relieve the ship. The eyelids of the sailors were by this time almost glued together with watching and fatigue. They had been constantly and fearfully occupied for more than two days, without a wink of sleep; and deep anxiety had deprived them of all appetite for food. Now all was comparatively safe, and they were fain to seek nourishment and repose for their worn bodies. The captain alone slept not. He continued walking the deck until morning. The storm had by that time ceased altogether.

As the day broke, the situation of the ship became apparent. Her keel was found to be slightly sunk in a yielding bed of coral branches, and the vessel lay about two miles from the shore of a well-wooded island, of large dimensions. By sunrise the tide was on the

flood, and all hands were called to assist in constructing a raft of the spare spars, in order to lighten the ship of such heavy articles as could be got at readily. The longboat was launched; and that, as well as the quarter-boats, were filled to overflowing with provisions and water-casks, whose contents had as yet been undisturbed. The raft, too, groaned under its burden; and every thing was got ready to heave the ship off when the tide should be at its height.

When all was prepared, Macy caused a spare boat to be manned, and carried off a small kedge anchor to a suitable distance from the ship, where, carefully dropping it, the warp was hove taught on board, and kept ready to take the first advantage when the ship should float clear of the reef. He now heedfully sounded the passage by which he had entered upon this dangerous ground, and noted the bearings and distances of the crooked channel. At times, shoaling the water upon the steep sides of the coral banks, he ordered his men to rest upon their oars for a minute, to enable him to look at the brilliant scene beneath him.

Columns and spires of variegated coral shot up from the bottom of the sea, assuming the appearance of architectural regularity, which, with but little stretch of the imagination, might have passed for Gothic ruins of spar, changing the hues of its material as the bright sun darted its rays directly or obliquely upon its varying surface of stone and adhering shell, until all other colours were blended with the green of the water in unfathomable depths. Here and there the bright-hued tropical fish would dart across the eye, or gently swim out from the recesses of the rocks, or carelessly approach the surface, as if to flaunt its surpassing beauty of intermingled tints of gold and silver, in the strong light of the sun. No comparison between the rich sparkling dies of the fishes that play between the glowing tropics, among the ever-changing coral reefs of the Pacific, can be instituted with those of the piscatory

tribes of any other seas. Their colour and loveliness are rich in the gorgeousness of their splendour, beyond the power of language to portray. Well might the poet ask, when looking upon such a scene—

"Who can paint like nature?"

Yet *one* poet has painted a scene like this, and that poet is our own inimitable PERCIVAL, who, to the deep regret of his friends, holds himself, we are told, retiringly in the shade, while he is capable of sending forth finished pictures, burnished with gold and studded with diamonds, like the following:—

"THE CORAL GROVE.

"Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the snow:
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow:
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore—

Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove."

We know not that the poet ever looked upon the reality of what he so eloquently shows up to our wondering eyes; but this much we do know, that had he been present during the whole of the voyage of our ship, he could not better have grouped his figures from nature. The truth and aptitude of his picture were so striking, that when the "*Coral Grove*" first met our eyes in the columns of the "Charleston Courier," it revived this scene of our by-gone days, and restored reminiscences of the sea, and of real life, much older than himself. As we cut the gem from the musty folds of the newspaper, we could have sworn in earnestness that its author had been one of our crew of the Grampus, and had looked with us upon "life in rare and beautiful forms," and upon growing "bowers of stone," that may at no distant day emerge from the great valley of the Pacific, to form the substratum of an immense continent like our own, and become instinct with human life.

But to return to our story. Macy had scarcely completed his surveys, when he espied a stealthy gathering of natives on the shore, and a launching and mustering of warlike canoes, with javelins and missiles bristling above the heads of the savages as they put off towards the ship. The whale-boat was instantly put in motion, and a race for life commenced. The natives manœuvred to cut Macy off; but the sinewy rowers bent to their oars with Herculean vigour. The boat reached the ship, and the last man sprang into the chains just in time to avoid the stroke of a well-poised lance, which was aimed to pin him to the side of the vessel.

The ship was now surrounded with savages of fierce and frightful aspect, and forms of gigantic mould. Already were the natives clambering up the sides of the

vessel; but the crew of the Grampus were prepared for their reception. They had observed their hostile approach, and hastily mustered their harpoons, their lances, and their blubber-spades—tools always kept in order by the whale-fishermen,—gleaming with brightness, and trenchant as a well-tempered razor. As the assailants showed their ferocious heads above the bulwarks, they were pricked off with the ready weapons of the crew, and forced repeatedly to loose their hold and plunge into the water. But they were undismayed by this species of resistance, which was nearly allied to their own mode of warfare of clubs and javelins, slings and arrows, and mace-hammers of stone; all which the savage of some of the South Sea islands wields with inimitable skill. They are missile implements with which his hand is made familiar from his childhood.

Again and again the dark warriors returned to the assault; and as often were repulsed by the active crew, who handled their weapons with as much dexterity as their assailants, but with far less exposure, being protected by the thick planking of the ship's bulwark. But this defensive warfare served only to exasperate the savages, who were spared by the American crew from motives of sheer humanity. If wounded at all, they were only slightly pricked by the harpoons and lances of the Nantucketers.

By this time, however, the number of war-canoes and natives had become greatly augmented; and they were skilfully arranged in several formidable divisions, for the evident purpose of making a simultaneous attack upon various parts of the ship. Two divisions drew off upon the bows, and an equal number took their positions under the quarters; while the sides of the ship were menaced with a countless multitude, that advanced in an array that would do credit to the tactics of an experienced commander.

Macy hastily made his dispositions to anticipate the assault, and stationed his men under cover of the various

points which it was presumed would be attacked. The captain then harangued his men with few but impressive words :—

"We must now fight," said he, "in good earnest, my boys, or be murdered and eaten by those horrid cannibals. I, for one, will not be captured alive. If there is a man among you that shrinks from the battle, or from the sight of blood, let him go below, and not encumber us with his presence. There must be no more pricking: every stroke must be a home-thrust; and every thrust we give with our irons must let daylight through a savage. We must from necessity kill without remorse, or be ourselves crushed in a twinkling! Who goes below?"

"Not I,—nor *I*,—nor *I*!" was responded by every man of the crew, as they clutched their weapons with earnestness.

"Will you all stand by me, then, and follow my example?"

"Ay, to the death!" was the united reply.

"Be ready, then; and the first savage that touches the deck—pin him with the harpoon; in short, bleed him as you would a whale—and be sure to strike home! There will be no more children's play, or I miss my guess as to the intention of their present preparations."

Macy now placed an empty cask near the mainmast, and quickly collected all the spare weapons. With one stroke of the cooper's adz he stove in the head of the barrel, and planted his sharp irons therein, as a sort of arsenal, or arm-chest in reserve, ready to be resorted to by any of the crew who might lose his weapon in the conflict.

The native armament came boldly on, in the most approved order, but in perfect silence. Suddenly the sound of a single conch was heard, and the savages instantaneously rose in their canoes, brandished their spears, and shouted their formidable war-cry! The men in the Grampus rung out a shout of defiance in re-

turn. But they had no sooner shown their heads above the rail of the bulwark, than the savages poured in upon them a cloud of stones and arrows, that seemed almost to darken the air with their flight. No damage, however, was done to the crew; as, after giving their shout, they anticipated the action of the assailants by covering themselves immediately. The natives waited for some answer to their fire; but perceiving no demonstration of its being returned from the ship, they pulled up to her sides, and sprang into the chains and rigging. They had no sooner effected a lodgment there than some two score of them, who were gathering themselves for a spring upon the deck, were obliged to loose their hold, and they fell backwards into their canoes, or into the sea. Before they touched the water they were dead. They were pierced with the weapons of the whalers, and their life-blood died the sea with crimson.'

The savages of those far-off isles of the sea are not, however, daunted at the sight of suffering or of death, when it comes in a way that is comprehensible to their obtuse faculties. They saw their fellows fall by weapons similar in shape to their own, and they were, of course, accustomed to that mode of warfare. They beheld thousands of their warriors still alive and full of eagerness for the fight; and they had been accustomed to see the tribes of other isles yield only when the power of physical resistance, numerically speaking, was nearly annihilated. They saw, also, that the numbers of their enemy were as but a drop to the bucket, when compared to their own host of warriors, and that their foothold was upon a diminutive spot, growing, as they imagined, out of the sea, in the shape of a contemptible islet.

The signal for assault was again sounded, and the warwhoop swelled upon the air in discordant shrieks. The canoes suddenly and vigorously pulled up to the ship again, and the natives seemed to vie with each other for the honour of scaling the rampart. But the barbed weapons of the crew met them as their breasts

were elevated above the bulwark, and they were transfixed on the spot. Some of the lances and harpoons were secured to the ship by whaling-lines attached to belaying-pins; and, as the sable victims fell beneath their deadly touch, their writhing agonies were horrifying. But humanity could not now be propitiated. Self-preservation, which is declared to be "the first law of nature," was the uppermost consideration. As the savages fell alongside, the smooth lances withdrew from their bodies, and were quickly regained by the crew. Not so, however, with the harpoons. The bodies of some of the slain hung upon the barbed steel, by the side of the ship; and frequently the irons could not be recovered by those who had wielded them, without exposure to the constantly projected missiles of the assailants.

Resort was now had to the arsenal of Seth; but the weapons of the cask were soon put *hors du combat* in the same manner, and only a few lances and blubber-spades remained in the hands of the defenders. Each of the harpoons that hung over the sides of the ship held the body of a dead savage suspended midway, serving for the foothold of fresh assailants to ascend. The cords were cut from necessity, and the carrion-carcasses dropped heavily into the water.

The means of defence were greatly exhausted by this procedure, and the sailors were becoming weary in their active and alarming labour. But the voice of Seth rose encouragingly above the din of battle.

"Fight on, my brave boys!" shouted Macy; "fight on! We have already slain our hundreds; and, thank God, not a man of the crew is hurt! Strike boldly! kill—kill the black brutes! Drive it home there on the lee-bow! Repel the savages from the larboard quarter! Slay the rascals at the weather gangway! Bravely done, my lads! Now follow me, my boys, to the forecastle; away with them, before they gather their limbs to use their weapons: if we give them foothold we are

gone!—Aha! That swoop was well executed! Follow me once more! Down with the savages from the starboard quarter! God!—they are pouring over the bow again! All hands rush to the forecastle, while I sweep with my single lance the few that are clambering over the taffrail!"

Macy could not be everywhere; and though he was well imitated in the business of extirpating nearly a whole savage generation, he found his devoted ship assailed at so many points at once, that his hopes of escape began to flag. With one broad sweep of his lance-blade, like that by which a mounted dragoon would mow down a whole rank of infantry, he cleared the starboard quarter-rail of some half-dozen heads that were rising into view; and then jumping to the larboard quarter, he performed the same service to as many more—while every individual of his crew was bravely battling for existence along the waist and on the forecastle.

Suddenly a giant savage made a spring over the bows, and seizing the first mate from behind, hurled him to the deck instantaneously, as if he were but an infant in his grasp. He raised his stone hatchet over his head to despatch the faithful officer. Though Macy's body did not possess the power of ubiquity, his eye was everywhere. He had just sent his last harpoon through the carcass of a desperate native, and, as it fell over the quarter, he caught sight of the prostrate mate. With one bound from the quarter-deck Macy reached the arm-cask at the mainmast, and seized the only instrument remaining. It was a blubber-spade. Quick as thought the keen instrument was balanced in his right hand, and it darted, gleaming in the sun like a lightning-flash. Before the mace of the savage commenced its descent towards the scull of the mate, the head of the brute, cleanly severed from its trunk, rolled upon the deck, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile!"

The unerring spade, having done its office, pitched upon the deck beyond, and its sharp blade entered a full inch into the planking.

"Mate! thou art redeemed from the very jaws of death!" shouted Seth.

"I thank thee for the well-aimed blow," replied the mate. He rose on the instant, and threw the headless body over into the sea, and hurled the head after it high into the air. It descended into the canoe of the chief; and as he held it up by the hair before his followers, a shout of fury and revenge was raised by the savage host.

It was plain, by the conduct of the savages, that they were more than ever infuriated at their repeated discomfitures; and it was equally apparent to Macy that it would be unavailing to wage the war much longer. His means of defence, all but a few well-tried lances, were exhausted; and he discovered several of his harpoons in the hands of his enemies, which had been cut loose from their fastenings, and withdrawn from the bodies of the slain.

The act of the mate, in throwing over the head of the decapitated warrior, had unexpectedly created a diversion among the natives; and they ceased, by common consent, from their attack upon the ship, to listen to an angry harangue from their chief.

Macy descended to his cabin. He reappeared in a moment with a weapon in his hand, heretofore forgotten. It was a musket (and the only one on board), which he had occasionally used on former voyages for a fowling-piece. He had barely time to charge the gun, and to slip a bullet into the barrel, before the war-whoop was again raised.

"They come once more!" cried Macy. "To your posts, men—and quail not. Look to your irons, and be careful to keep them well in hand. We have lost too many already: but, by the favour of Providence,

who hath written that 'the battle is not always to the strong,' we will send a hundred more of the cannibals to their long account before we yield!"

"Ay, ay! never fear for us!" shouted the men, cheerfully.

"Brave hearts!" said Macy. "Your day's work has been a bloody one: may God grant us deliverance from this unlooked-for danger!—And now," said Macy, addressing unconsciously his solitary gun, "fail me not in this strait—for thou hast never failed me yet, even when pointed against the swift sea-fowl on the wing!"

The canoe of the chief led the van of the attack this time; and his followers, seeing the immense number of their slain brethren floating around them, and that no impression had as yet been made upon the ship, although her sides bristled with arrows, were fain to avail themselves of his experience and encouraging example.

Macy now showed his body over the railing of the quarter. The chief instantly stood up in his approaching canoe, and, elevating his long javelin, he shook the pole of his lance in the air, in a menacing attitude, as if trying its elastic strength before hurling it at the unprotected body of Seth.

The captain suffered the canoe to come within half musket-shot of the ship, when he levelled his piece with a steady aim. It flashed! and instantly the savage chief, in the act of speeding his lance at Seth, fell dead into the arms of his attendants. The ball had entered his heart. The report of the gun, and the unaccountable condition of their leader, appalled the invaders. Many of them jumped tumultuously into the water, to escape the vengeance of the lightning tube, and the displeasure of their deity, whose interposition, and whose warning voice, they believed, were exerted against them.

The panic-struck savages fled to their island in con-

fusion, uttering horrid shrieks, and shouting their dissonant war-cries in disappointed rage.

The coast was now clear, and no time was to be lost. The kedge was tried; and, to the unbounded joy of all on board, the ship yielded slowly to the pull upon the hawser. She floated once more freely in her element! Her sails were set, and a light breeze wafted the stately vessel safely through the channel of coral rocks, and away for ever from these inhospitable shores.

## CHAPTER X.

———Where is that loved one now,
Who should redeem his plighted vow?—
Lo, there!—the monster's gaping jaws
Show a deed of blood,
Far—far o'er the flood!
*The Prophecy:* Chap. vii., vol. i.

It took many days for the Grampus to regain her lost ground. She had been driven so far to the westward, and had wandered among so many isles unknown to the navigators of the day, that her commander deemed it prudent to return by slow stages; and at night either to heave-to, or to arrest her ordinary progress, by shortening the canvass to the fewest possible sails. He was thus necessarily obliged to feel his way among those groups that, at a subsequent day, appeared upon the charts under the names of "the Navigator's," and "the Society Islands," and the "Marquesas." By the time that Seth was able to work his ship into the harbour of Charles's Island (one of the Gallipagos), the time appointed for his meeting Coleman had expired. It was therefore with much gratification that he found his consort had arrived before him, and was still waiting at anchor within the harbour; for much of his whaling apparatus, and all his best provisions, were exhausted, and he was running short of water. The supplies from the Leviathan would be welcome and seasonable; and what with the expected grunters, and fowl, and vegetables from the coast, and the terrapin from the island, the captain of the Grampus hoped to furnish the means of refreshing his men, after their long and arduous toils, and to recruit them thoroughly for whaling operations. It was his intention, therefore, after dividing the pro-

visions between the two ships, to remain at anchor for a few days, to allow his crew time for recreation, as well as to take in a supply of turtle.

Upon hailing the Leviathan, as the Grampus dropped her anchor, Seth had been answered by the mate of the former, and duly informed that Jonathan was on board and well; but to his inquiries about provisions, the mate made some unsatisfactory reply, and desired Seth to come on board the Leviathan. The anchor of the Grampus was no sooner cast, than Macy manned his boat and boarded the Leviathan. To his surprise, when he mounted the deck, he found that Jonathan was not there to receive him, nor to offer those little courtesies, and make those inquiries after his welfare, which are usual upon such occasions, and especially between those who consort together in their business.

There is but little ceremony in whale-ships; but Macy at least expected, from his previous intimacy with Coleman, and from the fact that he had been so long and unaccountably away, that the latter would be anxious to ask after the particulars of his voyage. Seth walked aft, and was about to enter the cabin, when the well-remembered tones of Coleman's violin struck upon his ear. It might be nothing more than a freak of his brother captain, who, as we have elsewhere hinted, had the reputation of being an *odd fish*. But Seth was still more surprised when he found Jonathan snugly stowed in his berth, sawing away in his recumbent position, and not deigning to notice the presence of his visiter. Macy stood motionless for a time, but at last his patience gave way, and he hailed the violinist rather crustily, in the midst of his performance.

"Hello!" no answer. "Jonathan!" still no reply. "I say—Captain Coleman!"

"I hear thee," said Jonathan, at last; but the fiddle still went on.

"What the devil is the meaning of this foolery?" exclaimed Macy.

"Don't interrupt the symphony, and thou shalt hear directly," replied Jonathan.

Hereupon Jonathan accompanied his violin with words, which seemed to Macy to have been composed for the occasion, to carry out one of Coleman's dry and puzzling jokes. The stave, uplifted, ran as follows:—

"We sailed for the shore,
And north-east we bore,
And drove a tremen-di-ous trade."

"Aha!" interrupted Macy, while his eyes brightened, "thou hast been successful then; but what provisions didst thou bring?"

"Thou marrest the music, friend Macy; listen to the end, and thou wilt be duly enlightened," replied Coleman, and he again sawed and sung away:—

"The oil is all sold,
And the money's all told,
And a d—l of a v'yage we have made!"

"Well, well—enough of that," said Macy: "come, tell me in plain prose about the provisions."

"I shall never be able to instruct thee in the melodies and the harmonies, if thou dost not refrain from interrupting me. The stave must always be sung over from the *repeat*:—

"The oil is all sold,
And the money's all told,
And a d—l of a v'yage we have made!"

"There!" continued Jonathan, "since thou hast heard me out, thou shalt now learn the particulars of our fresh provisions."

"Well!—what hast thou got that is fresh and good?" demanded Seth, while his mouth watered in expectation.

"Tarrapin!" replied Jonathan.

"Oh, that of course!—but I don't mean that sort of food, for we have it here at Charles's Island, for the trouble of picking on't up. What else?"

"Terrapin!" repeated Jonathan.

"What!—no hogs—no fruit—no potatoes—no—"

"No!—Terrapin, I say again; and nothing else but terrapin wilt thou find on board the good ship Leviathan, in the shape of fresh provisions."

"What!" exclaimed Seth, in blank amazement.

"All true as a book!" replied Jonathan: "the steward shall swear to it on the almanac, or on Napier's Book of Tables, if thou think'st the oath improved by it, and doubt'st the truth of my affirmation."

"In Heaven's name, Coleman," said Macy, "thou must be joking; thou hadst forty barrels of oil, and thou hast disposed of it?"

Jonathan struck up in answer—

"The oil is all sold,
And the money's all told,
And a d—l of a v'yage—"

"The joke may be a good one to thee," interrupted Seth, as he began to ascend the cabin ladder; "and I will leave thee to enjoy it alone. I have heard of *Nero* fiddling while Rome was on fire; and thou remindest me of his criminal unconcern in the midst of the people's calamity. But thou wilt, of course, account to the crews and to Jethro for the oil?"

"Thou never spoke a truer word in all thy life: the forty barrels of right-whale oil, at the market price, are already logged against me, by my own direction," replied Jonathan.

"But what became of the avails?" demanded Seth.

"That is my own secret; and it must remain so," said Coleman.

"So be it," said Seth; "thou hast only delayed the commencement of our operations for another month. To-morrow I shall set sail for some port on the main, and lay in my own provisions. Thou must, hereafter, find thy own means to furnish thy ship. Spare oil is

too precious, at the present moment, to allow of my offering to share again with thee."

"Nay," replied Jonathan, "and if thou goest to-morrow, I will go with thee. I have a hold full of terrapin, which I will willingly divide with thee; and thou knowest they are worth all the grunters in the world; but the vegetables, I grant thee, are somewhat scarce just now."

"Thou wilt consult thy own pleasure about leaving the anchorage: but, mark me!—I will not share a single shilling's worth of oil, nor an ounce of provisions with thee," said Seth, seriously, and in a determined manner.

Hereupon Seth stepped over the gangway into his boat, which he found loaded, almost to the gunwale, with terrapin, and his men busied in knocking down the heads of the brutes with the oar-blades, as they attempted to crawl over the side. The mate of the Leviathan had placed the seasonable supply there, in conformity with the secret ordering of Jonathan; and Seth, finding how matters were, could not help casting up his eye, by way of inquiry; but, seeing the quizzical phiz of Coleman peeping over the quarter, he could not avoid laughing aloud at this most acceptable manner of repairing damages. Seth pushed off, in renewed good-humour; and in an hour's time his crew were feasting sumptuously, and in a way that they had not feasted before for many a day.

The secret of Jonathan's failure to supply provisions was well kept for a time; but eventually it leaked out that he had been entrapped, by complaisant and accommodating sharpers, on shore; and there was something said about the bright eyes and the ruby lips of his entertainers, and the drugged quality of the circling wine. But we will draw the veil, in all charity. No man passes through the world without his *faux pas;* and the misfortune of Jonathan served only to accumulate the proofs that human nature is weak,—and liable, in the

best families, and even among Quakers, to accidental besetments.

Seth Macy was true to his word. The meridian sun of the next day saw him clear from the currents and under-tows of the "Enchanted Islands," as the Gallipagos are called by some navigators, because of the difficulty of escaping from the powerful eddies and counter streams that whirl with peculiar force and rapidity among this volcanic cluster. The barque of Jonathan was not behind the Grampus. When Seth loosed his sails, Jonathan's were loosed also; and when the anchor of the Grampus was heaved up, that of the Leviathan was tripped as soon; and they sailed forth again upon the broad Pacific together.

It was, in those days, a glorious sight to see two such noble ships spreading their canvass upon a sea which, with but few exceptions, so eminently deserves the name of *Pacific*. Its storms and severe gales are far less frequent than those which are felt upon any other sea. Its climate is more equable and pleasant, and its resources far more prolific, than those of any other water bearing the title of ocean. Its natural riches, even unto this day but partially known and explored, are mines of wealth to whole nations; and its incomparable islands, with their varied and inexhaustible fertility, are, of themselves, adequate to the support of an increase of people equal to the present number of inhabitants on the globe.

The heads of the ships pointed to Valparaiso, upon the South American coast. The bright, burning sun of the equatorial seas had set and risen again since they had taken their departure; when, at a long distance in the direction they were steering, the man at the mast-head descried tiny moving specks upon the ocean, which seemed occasionally to appear and disappear. The ships and these uncertain objects approached each other steadily, until they were made out to be a vast school of spermaceti whales, sporting and gambolling,

and blowing and diving, as if, in truth, they were the school of a pedagogue let loose from thraldom, and rejoicing in their liberty.

The information from aloft set every thing in motion on deck. Boats were cleared, irons prepared, lines coiled; and the men stretched themselves, as if rousing from inaction, or from the lethargy of weariness; and the laugh and the joke, which had been somewhat scarce of late, were bandied about in the utmost glee. The landsmen's hearts beat tumultuously, in anticipation of their first feat among the giants of the water. The approach of danger, and the hope of success, swayed their minds alternately; and it was difficult to say whether they most coveted the opportunity of grappling with such mighty antagonists, or whether they would not willingly have deferred the encounter. To them it was a moment of anxiety, like that preceding the approach of two hostile squadrons.

The feelings of the veterans were different. They were as eager for the moment of attack as slot-hounds to be loosed upon their prey. Feeling confidence in their skill, and in the superiority which art gives over the exertion of mere brute power, they hailed the prospect before them with feelings approaching to boyish enthusiasm.

There was one, however, on board the Leviathan, who, amid the animated bustle which precedes an attack upon a school of whales, did not partake of the cheerfulness of his fellows. We need scarcely say that the individual was Thomas Starbuck. There was a determined soberness in his face and demeanour, from the moment the cry from the mast-head was uttered, which, at first, drew upon him the bantering gibes and jokes of his messmates: but he heard them without resentment, and he turned off their ill-timed gests with unangered answers. There was a deep gloom preying upon his spirits; and while all others seemed to be in high good-humour, and "eager for the fray"—

*he* was listless and desponding. The fortune-teller's words had been forgotten until now; but the sight of the approaching whales, and the active, noisy preparation for attack, brought all she had said afresh to his memory.

Starbuck, who was harpooner to one of the boats, and a most important man in that capacity, was ashamed to show the white feather upon the first occasion that had been presented for signalizing himself upon the voyage; but the words of Judith rang in his ears, and he felt that he could not lightly disregard the omen. Stepping aft to the quarter-deck, as much to ask the advice of the captain, who was aware of the prophecy of the fortune-teller, as to obtain permission to remain on board for the time, he held a few brief words with Jonathan.

"Captain," said he, "I feel an unaccountable presentiment that the words of Judith Quary are about to be fulfilled. I would fain disappoint the prophetess, if she be one; and, though I know my duty, and have heretofore acquitted myself sufficiently well to be named one of your boat-steerers, yet I am unwilling to go out upon this expedition without your positive commands. In short, I lack confidence to-day; and I come to ask you to appoint one of the crew as my substitute."

"There is no time to argue this thing now," replied the captain, "or I might give thee convincing proof that fortune-tellers cannot look into futurity. I respect thy feelings, Thomas, however thou mayst have come by them; and, therefore, I will neither urge nor command thee to go. Let it be as thou wishest; if thou decline, I will appoint another in thy stead."

Thomas Starbuck retired with a heavy heart. He saw that he had relinquished all chance of distinguishing himself for the day; and the dishonour of staying on board at the approaching crisis, with a troop of whales in sight of the ship, could probably never be wiped away. The thought, too, of what Ruth would say to

his conduct when he should return home, and, above all, the certainty of the imputation of cowardice, which might be cast in his teeth by his companions, made him half-repent the step he had taken.

The crew had witnessed the interview of Starbuck with the captain, and guessed at the import of their conversation.

"So!" said one of the men, within earshot of Thomas, "we shall not have Starbuck's company to-day, I s'pose. He's begged off, I'm sure, or he'd be taking his place at the for'ard oar. I wonder who's to be harponeersman for our boat, if *he* don't go?"

"A faint heart never won fair lady," said another, who had heard of his attachment to Ruth; for secrets of that nature get whispered about among a ship's crew, especially if they all come from a small place like Nantucket, where everybody's business and motions are likely to be known and canvassed by his neighbour.

"He has reason to be chicken-hearted to-day," observed a third, "about that fortune-telling affair. Do you remember the morning we pulled off from Sherburne? For my part, I'd a notion of going ashore again, for everybody looked so solemncholy that I knew we'd have a misfortunate voyage. I'm glad he don't intend to go; I never knew Judith Quary to fail in her prediction."

The whales were now near enough to lower the boats, and the crews jumped in and were ready to push off, in order to scatter themselves among the approaching animals, and thus multiply the chances of striking them when they should attempt to escape. Four boats pulled away from the Grampus, and instantly three more followed from the Leviathan. The fourth boat, commanded by one of the mates, still lay alongside, waiting for the complement of oarsmen (to be made from those whose duty it was to remain on shipboard) to supply the place of Starbuck. Imbert was one of this crew, and was assigned to pull the after oar. He

felt as every novice feels, who, for the first time, is about to approach an animal so huge and dangerous as the whale; but he was devoid of childish fear, and rather courted the sport than otherwise. He had made himself a favourite with the whole crew, except Gardner, who could not divest himself of the thought of his being his rival, and, as he thought, a successful one: but on most occasions they treated each other with respect, though cool and unfamiliar in its nature. Gardner was harpooner for another boat, and had managed to get rid of the company of Imbert, by assisting one of the mates to pick the crew to the exclusion of his rival. The chance of Imbert to exhibit his prowess was small, as, being a new hand, his task was merely to pull a steady oar for the first voyage; and, until some lucky opportunity should offer, he could not expect to signalize himself, nor perform any prodigy to boast of.

"On deck there!" bawled the impatient mate, from the whale-boat.

He was answered by one of the crew from the gangway, who had been designated to supply the place of Starbuck.

"Be quick!" said the mate, "or all the sport will be over, before we can get a chance at the whales. Hurry, man!—hurry! Jump in—jump in!"

Thomas now came to the gangway; and his irresolution gave way as he saw his substitute about to let himself drop into his place in the bow of the boat. A flush of pride came into his face at the moment; his resolution came back from very shame; he seized the man by the shoulder, and drew him into the ship, and then rushed over the side, in an indescribable agony of mind.

"Let life or death be on the issue," said he, as he pushed off desperately from the ship, "I *will* go! It shall never be said that Thomas Starbuck disgraced his name, or his calling, by skulking dishonourably at a time like this. Pull, boys, pull!" said he aloud to his

comrades, while he madly surged upon his oar, with a strength equal, at the moment, to that of all the other oarsmen. The energy he exerted infused a spirit of emulation into his companions; the lingering whale-boat soon caught up and passed the others; and it was now leading the van. His shipmates in the other boats, who were acquainted with his intention of remaining on board, and with his reasons for so doing, saw in his flushed face, as he dashed by, that he had left all his superstitious fears behind; but they shook their heads at each other in sorrow, for they were all more or less imbued with the notion that he was rushing on his fate, and that the superhuman strength he was exerting was but hastening on the catastrophe.

The fearless whale-fishermen now found themselves in the midst of the monsters;—some turning *flooks*,—some rising to the surface to breathe, with their young upon their backs,—others spouting their cataract streams high into the air,—while some in play, or to dislodge by the shock the barnacles and tantalizing suckers that fastened like vermin to their sides, came jumping into the light of day, head uppermost, exhibiting their entire bodies in the sun, and falling on their sides into the water with the weight of a hundred tons, and thus "*breaching*" with a crash that the thunder of a park of artillery could scarcely equal. It was a fearful and thrilling sight to the new-comer; but to the practised whale-fisherman, a scene that he delighted in, though full of imminent danger.

The commander of each boat immediately singled out his whale, and gave chase with steady earnestness. The ships, in the mean while, followed the course of the whales and of the pursuing boats;—a sufficient number of hands being left on board to work the vessels.

Macy and Coleman, with a promptness that is the peculiar recommendation of veteran whale-fishermen, fastened at once to their whales, taking the first that

came in their way, without regard to size. They proved to be young ones that were still under the protection of their mothers. This was fortunate for the fishermen, for they fell an easy prey; and their mothers too, keeping close to their dead bodies, in a few minutes more paid the forfeit of their unalienable affection. The other officers showed no lack of skill; and in less than an hour six spermaceti whales, of various sizes, were the fruits of the victorious assault.

The mate of Coleman was more ambitious than the rest, and was determined, if possible, to strike the leader of the troop. He was of prodigious size, and worth any two of the others; but he was wary and watchful, and led his pursuer a tiresome chase, far away from his mates; and then, by a circuitous route, he came back again to his scattered convoy. Still did the baffled mate return to the charge, endeavouring to head his stupendous antagonist as he should rise to blow.

At last, the bubbling ripple from below indicated the approach of the animal to the surface; and a few vigorous pulls brought the boat to the spot where it was judged he would rise to its side. The oars were eased, and the word given to the harpooner to "*stand up.*" The bow was turned to the spot; the oarsmen rested on their oars, ready to back off; and Starbuck stood erect, cleared his line, and balanced his iron. He placed himself in the posture for striking, and was bracing his knees to the bow, when the hump of the monster emerged from the water. It was a moment of indescribable anxiety; but to none more than to the harpooner. But what was the consternation of all, when the head of the animal turned suddenly over! It is a motion made by the sperm-whale preparatory to using his teeth upon an object floating upon the surface of the water. His huge under-jaw, armed with immense ivory tusks, parted with the rapidity of thought. The bow of the boat struck suddenly against his jaw, and poor

Thomas, in the act of launching his harpoon, lost his foothold, and pitched headlong into a living tomb! The jaws of the monster closed upon his body, leaving the legs of his victim projecting from the mouth!

The frightened mate lost his presence of mind, and omitted to give the word to back off. He held his steering oar without the power of motion. But Imbert, new as he was to the scene, seeing the opportunity to be avenged for the loss of his companion, seized the sharp lance of the mate, and plunged it to the hilt in the body of the whale, as he turned to escape. In an instant the boat and the crew were driven into the air by a stroke of the animal's tail. The frail bark was shivered into a thousand pieces; and the men, bruised and lacerated, fell into the broad ocean.

All that had thus transpired was seen from the ships; and boats were despatched forthwith to the relief of the wounded crew. Some had seized upon fragments of the wreck; while others sustained themselves with pieces of broken oars, supported beneath by the strong saline buoyancy so eminently peculiar to the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

The unfortunate crew were rescued in time to witness the last agonies of the desperate whale, which, like Samson crushing the temple in his might, dealt death and destruction on all sides, while he himself was overwhelmed in the general ruin.

The animal, blind with rage, and feeling the sting of the death-wound in his heart, whirled round the ships in irregular circles for a short time, and then descended. The crews lay upon their oars, watching where he would next appear, while the ships were hove-to, to await the result.

Suddenly a mighty mass emerged from the water, and shot up perpendicularly, with inconceivable velocity, into the air. It was the whale; and the effort was his last expiring throe! He fell dead; but, in his descent, he pitched headlong across the bows of the

Grampus, and in one fell swoop carried away the entire forepart of the vessel!

The crew escaped, by throwing themselves into the boats alongside, and rowing quickly off. The gallant ship instantly filled with water, and settled away from their sight.

## CHAPTER XI.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now
None so poor to do him reverence.
*Julius Cæsar.*

"——— Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield?—No!—
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you!"

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No more!—Betake thee to thy task at home;—
There guide the spindle and direct the loom.
*Hector to Andromache.*

A FULL year had passed since the departure of Jethro Coffin from Sherburne, and no tidings had as yet been received, intimating his intention to return. His protracted absence did not, however, create uneasiness in the minds of his friends; for it must be borne in mind by the reader, that arrivals from England were, at that time, few and far between. There were not then, as now, regular days of departure for packets, and almost as regular periods of arrival. A year intervening between the embarkation and return of an individual to the colonies was therefore almost a certainty; no matter how trivial may have been the business or the object that called the voyager from his home. It is different nowadays. The sixth part of that time is sufficient to make a passage to Europe and back again, and yet leave a reservation of a portion of the time for the transaction of business or the pursuit of pleasure. It is, with us, an age of fleet ships, skimming steamboats, and flying railroad vehicles, that almost annihilate time and

distance. It is a mechanical age—an Augustan era, prolific in the development of mechanical genius.

Soon after the ships of Jethro had doubled The Horn, hostilities commenced between the mother country and the colonies. It was, for the time, the death-blow to the prosperity of Nantucket; and the distress which fell upon the people, as much from their isolated situation as from any other cause, was severe beyond measure. Their ships were swept from the ocean; their trade with the continent annihilated, and, consequently, their supplies cut off. They were without the power of resistance or of self-protection. They were subject alike to pillage from either party; and their flocks were carried away by both friend and foe. A fishing-smack with a single gun could at any time lay the unresisting town under contribution. Each arrival from a whaling voyage, instead of furnishing the means of support to the inhabitants, was the cause of lessening their stores, by the introduction of an additional number of consumers. Interdicted, as they were, from intercourse with the continent,—without grain, without bread, and without fuel—in short, without the common necessaries of life, but with abundant pecuniary means under other circumstances,—the islanders were reduced to a condition so straitened, that it was not only sad to contemplate, but appalling to think of.

It was in the midst of this general distress that the genius and cupidity of Miriam Coffin shone forth, to the unfeigned astonishment of the islanders. Foreseeing the advantages that must naturally accrue to her by the course she had almost immediately adopted, she despatched one of her husband's smaller vessels to New-York, with a letter to Admiral Digby, who commanded the squadrons cruising on our coast. In this paper she was careful to express her devoted loyalty to King George, and, with well-turned phrase, to represent the extremities to which the people were reduced. Miriam concluded her epistle by humbly asking permission to

send her vessels to New-York, and the privilege of trading between that city and Sherburne.

To this arrangement the admiral assented, and granted a free passport, running in the name of Miriam, to trade to and fro: but (as she had insinuated in her letter that by far the largest portion of the people were rank whigs in principle) he gave her to understand that the privilege was the meed of her loyalty alone, and not a boon to the people; and therefore that she, above all others, should enjoy a monopoly of the trade.

This decision was precisely what Miriam aimed at. On the other hand, in order to prevent supplies from being introduced by the Americans, she took care to have the false information spread abroad upon the neighbouring continent, that the islanders were all thorough-going tories, and adhered to the crown. In this posture of affairs there was, of course, no sympathy for the Nantucket people, either from whig or tory. She thus succeeded in her plans; and for a considerable time the source of supply was confined to herself alone.

In a short period after these successful arrangements had been effected, it was observed that the warehouse of Miriam was groaning, not only with substantial provisions of every sort, but even with such luxuries as the islanders had been accustomed to purchase in the days of their brightest prosperity. Her small vessels were constantly employed between the two ports; and riches without bounds flowed into her coffers. For her merchandise she would receive, in the way of barter, the oil and the candles of the island-traders, at a large and ruinous discount to those who held the commodities; and, when these were exhausted, she dealt with them for their ships at the wharves, and for their houses, until she became possessed of property, or the representatives of wealth, at least, in mortgages, to an amount exceeding her most sanguine dreams of abundance.

By-and-by, however, it came to pass that Miriam could no longer furnish the ready and tangible means

of exchange for foreign merchandise, when the oil and candles that she had received in barter were all shipped off and exhausted. Her liens upon ships and houses were not a medium current with British merchants and shopkeepers at New-York. Such securities were considered too precarious in their value to be objects of speculation to the foreigners. The ships and the houses, though the undisputed property of one party to-day, might change hands to-morrow, by the right of invasion and conquest.

Miriam therefore bethought herself of another scheme to give permanency to her operations. Her mercantile credit, arising from the largeness and punctuality of her dealings and payments, was in good repute among the commercial dealers of the city; and she opened a negotiation in New-York for a permanent supply of all needful stores and merchandise, upon her individual responsibility. She took the precaution, in order to prevent suspicion of her incompetency to act in the premises, to cause certified copies of her power of attorney to be circulated among her creditors there; but it was scarcely necessary, for her previous success in trade had already established her good name with the principal dealers of the place. These, as we have hinted before, were mostly British merchants, who received countenance and protection from the commander-in-chief of the British forces, whose head-quarters were established at New-York. In place of her former exchanges of oil, which, being exhausted, could no longer be the circulating medium for Miriam, she deposited her own bonds (in the shape of judgment securities, that could be enforced at any moment) with her merchant creditors; and, for a season, they were as current for the amount expressed upon their face as if they had been exchequer notes.

Not satisfied with the monopoly of a trade that was comparatively legitimate in its nature, Miriam opened a traffic with certain contraband dealers, whose smuggling shallops and privateering operations were the

source of much anxiety and vexation to the officers of the revenue, on various parts of the coast. While her dealings with New-York were carried on openly, those with the free-traders, or "South Sea Bucaniers," as the jealous inhabitants spitefully called them, were transacted in secret, and with a mystery which the shrewd and prying islanders could not penetrate. It was, in fact, mainly for the better prosecution of an illicit trade, that Miriam had built her country-house; although ostensibly she pretended to have constructed it for purposes of retirement. She had even had dealings with the smugglers before the war broke out.

Small craft were seen hovering round the island, from time to time, whose suspicious manœuvres were regarded with alarm and dissatisfaction by the people. Boats, gunwale-deep, had been seen to land, in the dusk of the evening, upon the beach in the vicinity of Quaise; and their crews were observed to flit hastily and stealthily to and fro, carrying small burdens in the direction of the mansion, and then disappearing unaccountably among a clump of bushes, from which they would shortly emerge and retrace their steps, without seeming to enter the building. The vessel, which awaited the return of the crew, would then spread her sails, and stand out from the bay.

It was remarked, too, that a wing of Miriam's town-house underwent a great alteration about this period. Two large rooms, that before had been used as parlours, were thrown into one, and shelves and counters were arranged for the reception of merchandise; and the capacious cellar was partitioned off into curious but commodious bins. By degrees the shelves were filled with costly dry goods and cutlery, and rare fancy articles from France and other European countries; while the bins were stored with wines and liquors, which, it was suspected, were not brought into the island by the ordinary course of importation.

The wealth of the Indies seemed to be at the com-

mand of Miriam; and the gorgeousness of her establishment, which she took all opportunities to flaunt in the eyes of the people, showed forth like the stately pile and liveried household of a grandee of an empire, while all around was misery and wretchedness, and betokened poverty and decay.

The exorbitant prices demanded and received by Miriam, for all the supplies furnished to the islanders, finally took the semblance of barefaced extortion. If people complained of the dearness of her commodities, she would coolly replace the goods on the shelves, and advise them to go where they could be furnished at a cheaper rate; nor would she again deal with the individual who dared to question her prices. The inhabitants, becoming almost desperate from the inadequacy of their means, and tantalized by the daily exhibition of plenty, temptingly placed before their longing eyes by Miriam, but which their exhausted means could not compass, began to feel that want and starvation would be their portion, even in the midst of abundance, if this alarming state of the times should continue.

A shadow of a revenue office was still kept up in the town, the officers of which were in the pay and interest of the British government. The great mass of the people were, however, decidedly republican in their feelings and principles; and, in total disregard of the authority which the few officers of the crown still exerted, a meeting was called at the Town-house, to deliberate upon the means of relieving the general distress that prevailed. Some of the speakers openly hinted at the unfair practices of Miriam, and denounced her oppressive course in no measured terms. It was, among other things, deemed proper, as a preliminary measure for counteracting the approach of future and greater evils, that a new board of Selectmen should be chosen; and, of course, in acting upon this motion, those in power must necessarily be deposed. The old magistracy were of the tory interest; and, as such, the adhe-

rents of Miriam, and the connivers at, if not participators in, her unheard-of extortions. A new board, of whig complexion, was thereupon organized, and its first act was to petition the American Congress for relief.

A messenger was forthwith despatched, who explained, in moving terms, the forlorn condition of the islanders to the assembled Congressional delegates. But that patriotic body, although deeply and sincerely commiserating the distress of the people, were alike too poor and powerless to afford efficient succour or protection. The only measure that could be adopted in this extremity, involving a probability of efficacious relief to the suffering community, was the unanimous recommendation and consent of the Congress that the Nantucket people should declare themselves neutral in the pending contest, and represent their condition to the British commander-in-chief. This suggestion was immediately acted upon; and indeed it was quite consonant to the peaceful religious doctrines of the people, who were all more or less imbued with the tenets of the Quakers, the prevailing sect, as we have elsewhere said, of the island.

A new life seemed to invigorate the desponding inhabitants at the prospect which now opened upon them. Combinations were immediately formed for the purpose of retaliating upon their oppressors. Like the patriotic women of the continent, who refused to partake of imported teas, the islanders thereafter utterly abstained from dealing with Miriam. Her goods rested upon the shelves without a customer. Her provisions were thenceforth untasted; and a few scanty vegetables, laboriously grubbed by the inhabitants, were made to supply the place of her high-priced breadstuffs.

While negotiations were going on at New-York, and with the naval commander of the station, the incensed Nantucketers undertook a secret expedition against Miriam's "South Sea Islanders." A party of some twenty resolute individuals, armed with instruments to

which their hands were best accustomed—to wit, the lance and the harpoon—lay in wait, night after night, around the country-seat of Miriam, with the determination of intercepting her contraband supplies. At nightfall the conspirators, if we may so call them, might be seen straying singly, and without any apparent purpose, near the outskirts of the town; but the Mill Hills once passed, there was no further occasion for concealment, and they rapidly congregated at a given point, where their instruments of warfare were secreted among the bushes. Here, marshalling their forces, and every man being made acquainted with the signal for onslaught, the party took up their line of march for Quaise; and each one secretly and silently ensconced himself behind some stunted bush, or projecting object, awaiting the moment of attack.

Again and again were the party foiled in their anticipated capture; and the smugglers escaped unaccountably, inasmuch as they made no visible entrance or egress into or from the house. Regularly as the night would come, a small sail might be observed laying off and on; but as the dusk of the evening would gather, she would run in towards the shore, and, entering the small bay that leads to Quaise, heave-to opposite Miriam's house. It was sometimes observed that she would depart without lowering her boat; some private signal, probably, being omitted, which was necessary for encouragement to land. At other times it would boldly put off, and figures might be distinguished walking on the beach. Whatever was their object in landing, it was observed that the silence of the night was unbroken by noise or bustle of any kind; and again they would leave, as they came, observing a profound stillness in all their operations.

The men from the town thought there must be something more in this than the mere pleasure of coming into the bay and departing; and they determined to array their forces differently. Instead of closely invest-

ing the building as formerly, on the next evening they enlarged their circle, and planted sentinels near the landing-place for closer observation. The night was fitful, and dark masses of clouds obscured the moon at intervals, which, for the time, entirely concealed the approach of objects. The wind blew in gusts, and the surf tumbled in upon the outer beach with more than its usual commotion.

"Hark!" said one of the sentinels, approaching his neighbour; "heard you nothing just now?"

"No," replied his comrade; "nothing but the roar of the surf. I fear the night is too dark, and the wind too high, for the purpose of the smugglers."

At this moment a loud noise was heard above the monotonous roar of the sea, like the violent flapping of a sail; and the moon, bursting suddenly forth from behind a dark cloud, displayed a small vessel in the act of coming to the wind. The boat, as usual, was lowered; and after a short detention alongside, during which a number of men appeared to be engaged in stowing away bundles and packages in her bottom, she shoved off from the shallop. Three men employed themselves in rowing the yawl towards the shore with oars muffled, while a fourth stood up in the stern-sheets and controlled her motions.

A low whistle was heard to pass from sentinel to sentinel upon the shore, which, without being understood, would have passed to stranger ears for the chirping of a cricket, or the tremulous note of a disturbed sea-bird. The band instantly contracted their circle at the signal, but left a wide opening for the smugglers to enter, if they should decide upon landing.

The boat struck the shore; and the men, jumping quickly out, hauled her up the beach. The sailors set to work to unload the yawl of the various packages, and silently deposited them in a heap upon the dry sand, near a little spit or eminence, around which a small gully or pathway led to the upland. Directly over the

brow of the slight hill, but at some distance to the right and left of the path, several of the townsmen were posted, with their bodies thrown flat upon the earth, but with eyes eagerly glaring over the little precipice upon the motions of the crew. The boat, being entirely unladen, her *kellock*, or little kedge, was brought forth and planted in the sand, for the better security of the yawl, whose stern was washed by a rising tide.

"Tom!" said one in a whisper, who appeared to direct the motions of the others, "mount the hillock, and see if the signal is still there."

As the man ascended, the eyes of the ambushed islanders followed his steps, and glanced in the direction of the house. A faint light, heretofore unobserved, was perceptible from a thick bull's-eye of glass, placed in one of the shutters. All the rest of the building was enshrouded in darkness. The man descended, and in a low voice uttered the simple monosyllable—"*Ay*."

"All's right, then!" replied the leader, in the same subdued tone.—"Bear a hand, men, and lift these packages. Take care to follow me, and stick close; and, d'ye hear?—on your lives utter not a single word, whatever you may see or hear. Come—be lively now; this infernal cloudy night came near playing the devil with our little craft: we must hasten back to make sail upon her, or the wind will drive her ashore."

The moon gave out her flickering light for a moment, as the sailors advanced. The proper place of deposite appeared to be gained, and the leader ordered the men to halt.

"There!" whispered he, "throw down the bundles on this spot, and let us return for the others."

"No thee don't, though!" exclaimed one of the sentinels, while his companions rushed in to his aid. The driving clouds hid the moon again, before the assailants could reach the spot where the smugglers stood; and when she re-appeared packages and crew had vanished! Not a word had been spoken by the assailed; but the

foremost assailant declared he had heard a slight rustling noise, as if the branches of some bushes near at hand had been parted. The harpoons of the invaders were thrust in among them in vain. The smugglers were unaccountably gone, but where to look for them was a mystery. They could not have escaped over the clear heath, for the circle of the watchers had been so suddenly and regularly contracted that it was not possible they should have passed without being observed.

The pursuit after the fugitive crew was soon abandoned; and it was thereupon determined that a portion of the persons present should board the craft in the bay, and carry her by a *coup de main*—while the remainder should enter the house of Miriam, and explore some of its mysteries. It was thought that the boat's crew must have taken refuge there by some means of entrance unknown to those who had invested the building.

Four persons well armed, answering to the number that had come ashore in the boat, were selected for the purpose of taking possession of the sloop; and some eight or ten others attempted to gain entrance into the house—leaving a sufficient number on the outside, guarding all the passages of egress, to prevent the escape of the indwellers.

The outer doors were tried, but did not yield to the pressure from without. A slight rap upon the door, such as might announce a neighbourly visit, was then given; and instantly the light from the bull's-eye was withdrawn. A door was almost immediately opened by an Indian domestic, who, the moment she saw the array of armed men, attempted to close the door in their faces.

"Nay—thou must not shut the door upon us," said the leader of the troops. "We would enter the house."

"What for?" demanded the woman.

"Thou wilt see directly. Come, stand out of the way there—or we must put thee gently aside."

"I will *not!*" said she. "I am commanded not to admit strangers at this hour of the night."

"Thou wilt not?"

"No."

"Then take the consequences."

Saying this, the assailant drew back, and, with a heavy drive of his foot, stove the door off its hinges, and the servant rolled upon the floor of the entrance.

An inner door was instantly opened by some invisible hand, and a strong light came into the passage. The men rushed, rather tumultuously, into the room; but the foremost had scarcely taken three steps into the apartment, before he recoiled upon his followers at the sight of a woman!—It was Miriam Coffin. She stood at the upper end of the apartment, in perfect self-possession, and regarded the intruders with an eye of severity. Her stately form was drawn up to its full height, and displayed the commanding port of majesty. As soon as the confusion among the men had somewhat subsided, they took courage and came forward.

"Well, gentlemen!" said Miriam, sarcastically, "to what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this kind and neighbourly visit?"

The men looked at each other without replying. No spokesman volunteered to apologize for their rudeness.

"What!" exclaimed Miriam, "will no one speak? Brave men, like you, who can exert your hardy prowess upon the door of my mansion, should surely be able to find words to address a lone woman withal! Come in, and take possession, since you have battered down my doors!—or shall I hand over the keys of my closets and my drawers to you? Here," continued Miriam, releasing a small bunch of keys from her girdle, "take them, *gentlemen*, and make free at the house of Miriam Coffin.—This is the key of the drawer containing my silver spoons; this one unlocks the chest, wherein you will find the silver plate that my mother gave me on

the day of my marriage; and this one will put you in possession of a hundred silver crowns. What!—not take them! Beshrew me, gentlemen, he that will assault and batter down the outer door of a private dwelling should not hesitate to lay his hands upon the spoils within. I took you for some brave band of brotherly associates, of the Agrarian order, whose creed is the equal division of property. I cry you mercy; I have mistaken your object, *gentlemen!*"

Here Miriam courtesied slowly to the floor, with deep ceremony, while a curl of contempt sat upon her lips. The men, unable, as they afterward declared themselves, to stand before the searching fire of her eye, hurried from her presence without making a word of reply. There was not a man among them that would not sooner have grappled with a whale than encounter a woman's tongue; especially if that woman was Miriam Coffin.

In the mean time, the four men had descended to the beach, and launched the small-boat. The sloop was an easy prey; for only two persons, and those but half-grown lads, were remaining on board. They were not sensible of any danger, until the strange faces came aft, and their unusual costume became visible by the light of the binnacle. The frightened youths rushed for the boat, but were seized at the gangway by the brawny hands of the Nantucketers, and forced to remain in custody. The boat was sent back again to the beach, and the townspeople were brought off, together with the packages remaining on the sands. Sail was instantly made, and the cold stomachs of the captors were warmed with some good Hollands which they found on board, and broached, no doubt, at the expense of Miriam. An hour's sail brought the craft safely into port; and, as no one appeared to claim her, she was declared forfeit to her captors.

Soon afterward the envoys to the British authorities returned with favourable reports. The Nimrod, brig of

war, anchored in the offing, and a twelve-oared barge, bearing her commander, and a white flag in token of amity, approached the shore. The starving inhabitants crowded to the landing-place to receive the messenger; and, as in duty bound, they conducted him, with every demonstration of respect, to the Town-house. Silence being obtained in that ancient hall of reception, the magistrates of the town arranged themselves in their places. A duplicate set of Selectmen, however, presented themselves, and contended for precedence: the whigs, on the one side, believing themselves to be the choice of a majority of the sovereign people; and the tories, on the other, who had plucked up courage to make a show of loyalty to the crown, countenanced, as they supposed they would be, by an officer of his majesty.

The commander of the Nimrod approached the table which divided the factions of the houses of York and Lancaster, and, in a prefatory speech, declared himself the humble messenger of his majesty's government, to inform the inhabitants that their wish to remain neutral, in the pending contest, had been acquiesced in. He further went on to say, that the people would be allowed freedom of trade to all parts of the continent, so long as that privilege was not abused by succouring their countrymen the rebels; and that license was granted for their whale-ships to come and go freely. He finished by laying his despatches upon the table, and then retired a few steps to await their reply.

The despatches were directed, in their superscription, to the "*Worshipful Magistrates of the Town of Sherburne and Island of Nantucket.*" The unyielding manners of the old Nantucketers were never more conspicuous than upon this august occasion. A formal argument, but carried on with all the quaintness and propriety which distinguish Quaker debates, was here entered upon by the speakers of the several factions. The ex-Selectmen declared it their high privilege to receive and open his majesty's despatches, and cited the

words of the superscription as an argument that the packet belonged to them exclusively. The whig party, who had abjured all titles of this nature, contented themselves with the simple designation of "*Selectmen*," and publicly denounced the sounding dignity of "*Worshipful* Magistrates." The literal construction of the superscription was, therefore, likely to prove a bone of contention between the parties, to the great detriment of their constituents. But the whigs, though they would not break the seal of the paper themselves, from a too nice regard to etiquette, were determined not to yield the important document up to their opponents.

Meantime the packet remained untouched. The gallant commander of the Nimrod became uneasy at the unnecessary delay which the far-advanced and still waxing debate occasioned him, and thought proper to put in his oar.

"Since," said he, "the liberality of his majesty's government is so little appreciated, although granted at your earnest prayer; and as I perceive such a perversity of disposition here, which, it seems to my poor comprehension, you would sooner indulge in till doomsday, and suffer the people to starve, than concede supremacy one to the other,—I will retire, and report what I have seen and heard. I must, however, since no one will receive it, restore this packet to those who have commissioned me to bring you relief; but I must say, it strikes me as in the highest degree singular, and out of place, that amid distress such as prevails here, you should stand upon ceremony in breaking the seal of these important despatches, addressed respectfully to the magistrates of the town."

"Minnows and mack'rel!" exclaimed Peleg Folger, who belonged to the whigs; "I am a convert to thy eloquence, and am inclined to think pretty much as thou dost in this matter. By thy leave, I will settle this dispute in the twinkling of a bed-post. There!" continued Peleg, "let those who please quarrel about the envelope

and its worshipful designation; for my part, I will, for one, take a peep into the interior, and pick the kernel out of the shell, without longer giving heed to the palaver of the S'lackmen."

"*Slack* enough, in all conscience!" said the officer to a bystander.

Peleg tore off the cover, which he mischievously handed over to the leader of the tories. He thereupon read aloud to the rejoicing people the warrant of their release from privation and want. He then held up the papers in triumph, and the people shouted aloud as he descended from the rostrum.

"Let us hasten home to our families, and spread the good news; and do thou, neighbour Peleg, hold fast of the document," said a townsman of Peleg.

"Ay—minnows and mack'rel!—that I will, and the worshipful blockheads may remain behind, and talk about the inviolability of the anointed magistry, as they call it, until they grow black in the face for lack of something to eat!"

The crowd followed Peleg, and the hall of audience was cleared of all but the wordy belligerents; who, seeing themselves abandoned by the people, soon grew ashamed of their puerile debate, and went upon their several ways; while the captain of the Mighty Hunter, finding that his mission was at an end, took to his barge again, and departed the coast.

The monopoly that Miriam had so long enjoyed was now at an end. Supplies came pouring into the neutral port of Sherburne from every quarter; and, in less than a fortnight's time, the inhabitants were effectually and abundantly relieved. But this was not all. The reaction against Miriam commenced. The wheel of fortune, which is always turning, had carried her to its top, while it had, at the same time, crushed a whole people. She was now on her downward career, and the bruised and contemned were taking their turn upwards. The remembrance of her conduct had been treasured up

against her; and, sooth to say, the means of bringing about her downfall were plotted industriously and without remorse. The springs of mercy and the milk of human kindness were dried up for a time in the breasts of her opponents. The owners of the ships and of the houses that had been mortgaged to her bethought themselves of an expedient to redeem their pledges at small cost, and they hesitated at nothing to compass a wide revenge. They clubbed together their funds, and pledged their credit with their numerous friends upon the continent for additional means, for the purpose of buying up the judgment bonds of Miriam, which were floating about among the merchants of the city of New-York in large amounts. They were but too successful in their designs. They came back upon her with their demands like an overwhelming flood. She found, too late, that she had not only overreached herself, but had been overreached; and that, in accumulating riches by unfair and exorbitant means, she had created a host of enemies, who were now as implacable in their prosperity as she had been inexorable in her demands and extortions while they were needy.

Miriam, however, was game to the last. She looked the danger that threatened her steadily in the face, and took her measures promptly, but not warily.

"Since my enemies will have it so—let them have war to the knife,—let it be a war of extermination!" exclaimed she, with energy, as she called for Grimshaw, her confidential adviser, and gave directions to foreclose every mortgage which she held, and to put every demand in suit in the colonial courts.

"But, my dear madam," replied Grimshaw, "this will be the means of creating a more determined opposition in your enemies. Trust me, discretion is the better part of valour now; for you cannot fail to see the advantage of holding these liens *in terrorem* over their heads while they are proceeding against you."

"Talk not to me of temporizing—I will be obeyed:

put them all in suit forthwith, and crush the hornets in one nest together! They clamorously demand payment of my bonds, and will take nothing but silver and gold. I have neither—and they know it: but they shall be paid in their own coin,—bond for bond, ruin for ruin!—I am not a woman to ask favours of the world; and least of all will I bend to this white-oak race of unmannered cubs. No! Miriam Coffin is as unbending as the best of them!"

It was done as Miriam directed; and an internal war, more ruinous than has ever visited the island before or since, was carried on between the powerful and all-grasping Miriam Coffin on the one part, and a whole community on the other. The fortunes of Miriam were prostrated in the struggle; but she would have been victorious in any other place upon the main, of equal size and resources. An isolated spot like Nantucket is favourable for mercantile combinations; but on the continent free competition renders most attempts of this nature nugatory. As it was, however, Miriam saw herself standing alone, in opposition to all the people of her little world.

Whenever she attempted to sell their property by virtue of the mortgages which she held, as she was compelled to do to raise funds to meet her engagements, her debtors, by agreement with one another, stood by and saw ship after ship, and house after house, knocked down to a single bidder in their interest for a nominal sum. The rightful owner, it may be supposed, never suffered by these forced sales, but enjoyed his own again at Miriam's cost. And again: whenever portions of her own or her husband's property were seized, by virtue of the bonds enforced against her, her goods and chattels, houses and lands, by reason of the same combinations which she had provoked in the pride of her prosperity, were sacrificed for the tithe of their value. Even her splendid town-house was sold, over her head, for a sum less than half the cost of the stone foundation.

The strict morality of this proceeding, on the part of a people generally fair and upright, was, perhaps, never canvassed. The war, so far as carried on by Miriam, was looked upon as one of aggression; and the defence and retaliation regarded in the light of self-preservation.

In the midst of this state of things Jethro Coffin returned to his home. He found himself a ruined man. Like a true philosopher, he set himself about repairing his shattered fortunes; but in the end was enabled to scrape together only a few fragments of a magnificent wreck. He placed great reliance, however, on the return of his ships from their whaling operations, to resuscitate his mercantile name and credit; but the reader has already been made acquainted with their ill success and their misfortunes, and may therefore judge of the keen disappointment of Jethro, when he found his hopes entirely blasted.

Jethro could never be brought to look upon Miriam's splendid designs, which had ended so disastrously, with any thing like patience or complacency.

"Had it not been for this," said Miriam, after she had finished giving her husband a faithful relation of her transactions—"had it not been for *this* misfortune, and *that* accident,—if things had gone *so*—and *so*—as I had good reason to expect,—we should, as thou seest, have been the wealthiest family in the colonies."

"Nay," answered Jethro, "I do *not* see as thou seest: thy unchastened ambition, not content with reasonable gains, hath ruined thy husband stock and flock! Get thee gone to thy kitchen, where it is fitting thou shouldst preside: go—go to thy kitchen, woman, and do thou never meddle with men's affairs more!"

Miriam's proud heart was humbled: it was almost broken at this reproof from her husband. But she obeyed; and, in time, put on the show of content, and seemed, to the eyes of the world at least, to accommodate herself, without murmuring, to the humble pursuits which suited her decayed fortunes. But that world

never knew of the volcanic fires burning with a smouldering flame in her bosom; nor of the yearnings for power; nor the throbbings, struggling to be revenged upon those who had brought her house to its ruin. She was—

"———Like Etna;—
And in her breast was pent as fierce a fire."

## CHAPTER XII.

These days—these months—to years had worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore.

WALTER SCOTT.

O fortunate, e ciascuna era certa
Della sua sepoltura.

DANTE.

MUCH bustle and speculation were created in the town of Sherburne by the appearance of a large ship, riding at anchor off the harbour, early one morning, shortly after the return of Jethro Coffin to his native place. She showed no flag, nor displayed any signal. Her sails were furled, and the stillness of death seemed to reign over her decks. Not a single form could be detected, even with the glass, moving on board; and her dark hull swung, broadside to the town, steadily and motionless, as if her keel were imbedded in the sands.

As the sun rose, a single boat put off from the ship and approached the shore. It was a whale-boat, full manned; and the helmsman, as usual, stood erect in the stern-sheets, while an extra man occupied the bow. The latter seemed, by his squatting position, to cower beneath the gaze of him at the helm, and to be desirous of escaping from observation. As the boat approached the pier, many of the inhabitants, anxious to ascertain the name of the ship, gathered at the expected point of debarkation. There was an object, carefully covered from the sight, that reclined in the stern near the helmsman, which, from its shape and peculiar position, attracted the curiosity of the bystanders. The boat

sheared up, and displayed faces long familiar to the islanders.

"Can it be possible," exclaimed they, "that it is Captain Seth Macy so soon returned?"

"You do indeed see him before you," answered he.

"And is that vessel riding at anchor thy ship?"

"No:—it is the Leviathan."

"And where is the noble ship Grampus?"

"At the bottom of the Pacific Ocean."

"And the crew—where are they?" demanded a breathless spectator.

"Safe," answered Seth—"all safe, on board the ship in the offing. I would that I could say as much of her own crew."

The eager curiosity and deep sympathy of the auditors, who surrounded Seth upon the wharf, compelled him to repeat the painful story of his misfortunes; and the recital was listened to with silent attention. When he spoke of the manner of young Starbuck's death, a shudder thrilled the assembly, and they shed tears; and when he described the awful suddenness of the catastrophe which befell the Grampus, there was unfeigned sorrow depicted on every countenance. Seth continued thus:—

"You see, my friends, that all, save poor Starbuck, escaped. It was the providence of God that saved us, and provided us with the means of escape. It was with heavy hearts that we reached the Leviathan, for we had lost our all; and we mounted her deck without a single change of clothing. We were now nearly a hundred souls in all; and the ship, of course, was encumbered with a double crew. After deliberating on our condition, and thinking over what was best to be done, we came to the conclusion to put the ship about and return home. Our voyage seemed to be accursed. Thus far we had had nothing but accident and misfortune, and vexation upon vexation. Every thing went wrong, and even the elements conspired against us.

Having determined to return to port, we set about gathering our few slaughtered whales together; and in a few days, after securing all that was valuable of the animals, we left the Pacific. We arrived off the harbour late last evening, and cast our anchor where you now see the ship: but, as if Heaven had not yet emptied its vials of wrath upon us to the very dregs, it must visit us with murder!—Nay—start not, my friends, it is true to the letter. Cain was the first murderer in the human family, and I bring you the first ever known to our peaceful island. Behold him there!"

The auditors of Seth recoiled in horror, as they looked upon the dogged countenance of the murderer. He still sat in the bow of the boat, without attempting to move.

"It is that accursed Indian!—it is Quibby!" exclaimed one, as he called to mind the features of the brute.

"Nay, fear him not," said Seth, observing the bystanders shrink from his presence, as if the angel of death were before them—"fear him not," said he, "for he is manacled: his power of harming is past; and, if the laws of the land are enforced, he will shortly take his last look upon the face of men, and appear for judgment before his Creator, whose image he has marred, in the person of the young and gallant Harry Gardner!"

Seth uncovered the body of the murdered young man, and displayed his pallid face to the horror-struck islanders. The Indian shuddered as the corpse met his eyes. There was a deathlike stillness in the audience, interrupted at times by sobs and groans. Not a word was spoken: but the eyes of many overflowed with tears. The scene was most painful to behold, and was the more shocking to the people, because they had never even dreamed of witnessing such inhuman violence in their exemplary and peaceful community.

There were some of the young men of the town present who were intimate friends of Harry, and had

grown up from childhood with him. When the first burst of grief had in a measure subsided, another feeling seemed to take possession of the minds of the younger part of the spectators. A slight movement was observed in the crowd, and a few whispers passed among the youthful part of the assembly. Suddenly, a powerful young man jumped from the wharf into the boat, and seized the culprit. He was thrown out upon the quay as if he had been a bundle of cork, and was surrounded in an instant by a guard of young men, who had already matured a plan of revenge upon him, for the death of their comrade. It was time for Seth to act.

"What would you?" exclaimed he, springing to the side of the Indian: "would you commit murder, as *he* has done, and take his life without the sanction of law? Shame!—shame, young men—thus to forget yourselves! Leave him to the law, and to his punishment hereafter. Back!—back, I say!—Murderer as he is, I will protect him for the present, until he is delivered over to the authorities. Friends!—I call upon you all to aid me against this offered violence, which nothing can excuse."

There was a stir in the crowd, which plainly indicated that Seth was seconded. The middle-aged, and the elder portion of the people, came forward, with serious faces, to the assistance of the captain; and the excited young men retired, abashed, before this strong exhibition of the force of right moral feeling.

The Indian, who seemed to be in considerable pain, from a wound received in the thigh, was led slowly towards the Town-house, and the crowd gathered after him as he proceeded. The body of Gardner was, in the mean time, conveyed to the house of his afflicted relatives; while such magistrates as Nantucket boasted of at that period assembled to take cognizance of the case. A universal gloom spread over the town at the report of the death of Harry, who, upon the eve of

landing among his friends, was thus cut off by the hand of violence. The misfortunes of the ships, and the manner of Starbuck's untimely end, added, if possible, a stronger shade to the sadness which prevailed. A deep and unbroken silence was preserved after the magistrates had taken their seats; and the prisoner was arraigned to undergo his preliminary examination. When questioned, however, he would answer nothing; and he maintained his taciturnity, with the inflexible gravity and tact of an old offender. It became necessary, therefore, to summon other witnesses; and Imbert, who had seen the whole transaction, was called upon by name, and stood forth. He told the sad story in few but impressive words.

"We had cast anchor last night," said he, "and our sails were furled, before the tragical event took place. The deed was done in the forecastle. I had thrown myself in my berth, after the fatigues of the day, and my example was followed by nearly all the crew who were not on duty. A lamp, suspended from a beam in the middle of the forecastle, was left burning. I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was disturbed by a noise of several of our Indians, who appeared to be quarrelling, for some cause which I did not understand. Among others I distinguished Quibby, the prisoner now before you. He had been a sulky, quarrelsome fellow during the whole voyage, and grumbled at the most reasonable duty. The noise of a general fight among the Indians awakened others of the crew, and several leaped from their hammocks, and interfered to part the combatants. I saw Harry Gardner dragging Quibby from the prostrate body of his antagonist, and the quarrel ceased; but Gardner had scarcely loosed his hold from the collar of the prisoner, before Quibby buried the blade of his jack-knife in the breast of the young man. Harry spoke not a word afterward, but fell dead upon the floor. The prisoner made a spring for the ladder to escape,—which possibly he might have done, being a

capital swimmer; but there happened to be a lance standing at the side of my berth, which I had been putting in order,—and, without a moment's reflection, I let it drive at him, and pinned him to the bulkhead. He is wounded, as you may perceive, in the fleshy part of the thigh. I have nothing further to add, except to say that the whole scene took place in less than half the time that I have occupied in relating it."

Imbert ceased. A buzz of approbation of his conduct ran through the assembly, and the young men of the town especially applauded him in their speech to each other. He became a favourite, at once, with all classes and ages; and when his entire conduct at sea, among the whales, and in the last melancholy affair, was better known to the people, there was none who stood higher in their general esteem than Julius Imbert.

The Indian was ordered into confinement, to take his trial at a future day, before a high colonial tribunal.

It was thus, sadly and disastrously, that the voyage of the young men terminated; and thus that the high hopes of Jethro Coffin and his captains were blasted. The predictions of Judith, the half-breed fortune-teller, were fearfully realized.

## CHAPTER XIII.

See the cypress wreath of saddest hue,
The twining destiny threading through;
And the serpent coil is twisting there—
While, regardless of the victim's prayer,
The fiend laughs out o'er the mischief done,
And th' canker-worm makes the heart his throne!

*The Prophecy:* Chap. vii. vol. i.

———I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled
Had proved to me a grave.

FORD.

TIME rolled on: Time,—that lays his hand gently upon us,—that softens sudden affliction, and strews roses over the tomb of the ardently beloved.

The shock of the melancholy tidings brought by the returned whale-ship was severe both to Ruth and Mary. Tears took the place of smiles; and solitude, for a time, that of the common gayety of youth. But the sorrow of no woman is immortal. There are but few modern instances of lasting grief equal in duration to that of the peerless Artemisia of old, whose tears flowed, and whose frame was enveloped in sorrowful weeds, even until Scopas and Briaxis, Leoshares and Timotheus, had built up the renowned tomb of Mausolus; and until the powder of his ashes, swallowed in morning bitters by his queen, had found a resting-place in a living sepulchre!

Imbert, as in duty bound, presented himself before Mary soon after his arrival, and told the story of his wanderings; but he forbore to press his suit, until the effect of his tragical relation had somewhat worn off. He was not, however, disappointed when he proposed

himself in form, to find a ready acquiescence in his wishes. He had been obedient to the commands of his mistress, and had voyaged for whales at her behest; he had given the death-blow at least to one unwieldy monster—and that monster the destroyer of the devoted admirer of Mary's companion, Ruth Coffin. He had borne himself bravely, and had come back a thorough sailor in nautical knowledge, and had forgotten none of the accomplishments which had made him acceptable in the drawing-room. He had behaved honourably with his rival; and had, in his last extremity, secured the culprit who committed the murder. Imbert took care that all this should be well understood by Mary, before he ventured to claim her hand as the reward of his devotion. The heart of Mary and the promise of her hand were yielded, in maiden confidence, to one who appeared so true and so honourable; and she looked forward to a life of happiness with her admirer.

Ruth Coffin possessed a mind of less elasticity than the gentler Mary Folger; and the loss of her lover sank deep into her heart. Grimshaw had, as yet, never declared himself to Ruth; but he always looked as if he was just on the point of doing so. There was something in her manner that froze up the words in his throat, and he dallied on from day to day. Ruth, from sheer spite, or perhaps for mischief, had given him many opportunities for making known the height and depth of his tenderness, for the wicked purpose of having the pleasure, once for all, of flatly denying him, and putting an end to his suit for ever. But he could never be brought to cross the Rubicon: he never told his love. He had lately risen somewhat in her favour, however, by the patient and active assiduity which he brought to bear in the entangled affairs of her mother, who, if any thing, had heretofore marred his suit, by always trumpeting his praises in the ears of her daughter. The death of Thomas Starbuck was the summing up of her youthful afflictions; and it was many months before she regained

her wonted cheerfulness, or allowed herself to mingle again with her young companions in public.

The day was fixed for the wedding of Imbert and Mary. The only reluctance that Peleg manifested to the match arose from the fact that they could not be joined in wedlock in the usual way, in the meeting-house of the Friends. Imbert had not a drop of Quaker blood in him. But that great difficulty being obviated, by the perseverance and expedients of the lovers, every thing else went on smoothly. The cake was made; the dresses were bought; the priest selected, and the guests invited. Those indispensable attendants, the groomsman and bridemaid, were not forgotten; and Grimshaw was nominated by Imbert, being his early friend—while Ruth, of course, was the selection of Mary.

The wedding-night came. The tapers of sperm blazed upon the mantel; and the guests, old and young, came forth in their best attire. The bustling Peleg welcomed all with hearty good-will, and cracked off his "minnows and mack'rel!" in return to the sly jokes of his friends. A wedding is a legitimate season for jokes, and all sorts of good-natured inuendoes and insinuations. Grimshaw, too, was busy among the throng, and did his best to put every one at his ease. The clergyman came, and was ushered into the parlour among the guests. The appearance of a clergyman is always a damper upon the auditory, be it at a wedding or at any sort of feast or ceremony. There is a natural feeling of respect towards the cloth manifested in all civilized societies, which effectually curbs the tongue of its license, and suppresses the rising jest. The strongest bond of society is religion; and its ministers are properly regarded as things holy. They are vessels sanctified to a holy use; and it speaks volumes for the morality of that community, where children are early taught to pay becoming deference to the ministers of the peaceful doctrines of Christianity.

The bride and her maid were yet in their chamber, awaiting the coming of the groom. The lovely Mary needed no adventitious aids to heighten her charms. A simple upper robe of white satin, well adjusted to her slender form, at once declared her good taste in preparing her bridal dress. Her hair flowed over her shoulders in natural ringlets, and was confined about the brow by a plain band of white riband, that contrasted but slightly with the marble clearness of her forehead. Ruth, with similar good taste, had arranged her own costume in the most becoming simplicity; but there was a pensiveness in her manner that spoke of an aching heart. The preparations for the ceremony of giving away her friend, and for the banquet that would succeed the ceremonial, revived the sadness of her own condition, and tended to bring back the memory of her faithful Thomas with painful recollections. She sighed as she surveyed the charming Mary "beaming all over with smiles," while she indulged in the buoyant anticipation of the wedding scene. Ruth's dark eyes melted into tears as she took the hand of her companion.

"Peace and prolonged happiness be thine," said she, "for thou dost deserve the choicest blessings of Heaven! But for *me*—"

"Talk not sadly upon this occasion, I beseech thee," replied the gentle Mary: "there are happy days in store for *thee* too. Come, come, Ruth!—must *I* play the comforter now, when thou know'st it is the fashion for the bride to claim all sympathy? Seest thou not that I am trembling with affright?—and hark!—that hearty laugh in the parlour is surely at my expense; for brides and bridegrooms are considered fair game with the guests, upon wedding-days. But, dear me!—where does Julius loiter so long? He was ever punctual in his engagements; and now, when there is most occasion for his presence—when I most need the encouraging influence of his cheerful words, he lingers.—Ah, that quick step upon the stairs is his!"

Mary flew to the door to meet her betrothed; but her countenance fell with disappointment, as her father entered, and demanded the reason of her delay in appearing below among the guests.

"All is ready," said he; "but, minnows and mack'rel! where is the bridegroom—where is Imbert? Eh—not come yet?—what can he mean by keeping us waiting so long?"

The ever-moving Peleg flung out of the room impatiently, and mingled again among the people below. By-and-by, hints began to be thrown out, by his friends, that it was time the ceremony should commence: some smacked their lips in the ears of Peleg, in anticipation of the feast; and the minister gravely pulled out his watch, and remarked that time was flying apace. All this Peleg understood as direct allusions to the delay which had taken place; and he was worried into an agony of vexation. The thunder of a loud rap upon the outer door smote upon his ear; and he rushed from his tormentors into the hall. He opened the door, and the light within fell upon a man whose form was muffled up in a cloak, and whose hat was partially drawn over his features. Peleg believed it to be Imbert, and hastily called him to enter.

"Come in—come in!" said he, in his peculiar quick tones—"minnows and mack'rel, man! we have been waiting for thee this whole hour past!"

"Not for *me*, I presume," said the stranger, while he held out a letter to Peleg.

Peleg took the letter, and turned it over and over in stupified wonder. He approached the light to decipher the superscription; and when he turned towards the door again, the messenger was out of sight. The paper was addressed to Mary, and was carefully folded and sealed. He quickly ascended to her room, and put it into her hands. While she hastily broke the seal, it was observed that a strong tremour agitated her frame. It seemed to her, coming as it did at this peculiar junc-

ture, a messenger of wo. She opened the paper, and gave a reluctant glance at its contents. The letter dropped from her hand, and a death-like hue overspread her countenance. Her eyes closed, and the poor girl fell senseless into the arms of Ruth.

An anxious outcry from Peleg brought many of the guests up into the chamber, and the letter which had caused the mischief was passed from hand to hand. It ran as follows :—

"To Mary Folger :—

"When this letter is put into your hands I shall be far distant : but be not surprised when I tell you that I am resolved never to return to claim you as my bride. If you would know my reasons for this determination, I have only to refer to our past intercourse. The blame must rest with yourself, and with that unnatural society to which you have given your pledge, and which has forced me, against my will, to assume a character foreign from my nature, and to play the hypocrite in order to win you. I confess that I have also had many misgivings as to the possession of your affection ; for the woman who can so far forget herself as to play upon the feelings of her lover, and put him to unnecessary tests, such as I have undergone, for the mere gratification of whim or caprice, must be guilty of duplicity, to say the least of it. You will now reap the harvest of your folly. From the moment I knew of your determination that I should go to sea, and thus sink my profession to the level of uneducated whalers, I made up my mind to win you against the world, and make an example of you for the benefit of others. I have accomplished my purpose ; but I will not possess you. I would have gone to the world's end to compass this just revenge ; and it pleases me the more that it will be felt, through you, by other members of that hateful association of women, who, in imitation of the men, must have their secret societies, but without the merit of their good

intention. The fertile brain of some women, I know, delights in mischief; but the reaction is ofttimes a merited retribution for their indulgence in their wayward fancies. Remember, you would have rejected me had I refused to comply with your commands. I determined to obey them to the very letter, in order that I might have the satisfaction of healing my wounded pride by rejecting you in turn. I have now turned the tables upon you, and am revenged to the full. I have contrived that this letter shall be handed to you upon the evening which was intended to be our wedding-night. It will be placed in your possession when the guests are assembled:—I have arranged it so, in order that my retaliation may be the more complete; for you will be surrounded by many that have been the upholders of your conduct towards me, and who will thus have an opportunity of witnessing the effects of their folly, and the injurious tendency of their association.

"Farewell for ever.

"JULIUS IMBERT."

The blow was tremendous and overpowering to poor Mary. The restoratives which her friends applied were ineffectual for a long time. She revived at last for a few minutes, but the interval was passed in piteous moans and wild incoherent ravings. Her maddening brain whirled, and her tortured heart sent up prayers to her lips, asking for death.

"Hide me, father, from this deep disgrace!" said she, and again relapsed into convulsions.

Peleg hung over his daughter with paternal solicitude, and at times vented maledictions, in his peculiar way, upon all flaunting coxcombs who lay snares to entrap the hearts of females for the mere pleasure of outraging them afterward. Ruth remained by the bedside of Mary, an anxious spectator of her sad condition. She failed not to sooth her with all the kind and endearing language that a sister might bring to her aid

upon such an occasion; but it was many weeks before her faculties were restored to their natural and healthful play.

It is needless to say that the frightened guests hurried from the house of Peleg; and that the cause of their premature dismissal created a deep and lasting sensation in the little town of Sherburne.

## CHAPTER XIV.

———Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history.
SHAKSPEARE.

To sum the whole—the close of all.
STERNE.

We have now brought our story nearly to its close. It remains for us only to satisfy the reader in a few particulars, by disposing of our characters in a manner befitting their several stations, and consonant to the parts they have sustained in this drama of Real Life.

The war of the Revolution, which at first affected the people of Nantucket most disastrously, was much softened in its rigour after the neutrality of the island had been recognised by the contending parties: but it was not until peace was restored, and the colonies became independent states, that its trade thoroughly revived and flourished again. Many families, at the beginning of the war, removed to the state of New-York, and settled themselves at a place which they called "The Nine Partners;" and the flourishing city of Hudson, at the head of the deep water on the river of the same name, owes its origin, in a great measure, to the whale-fishermen of Nantucket, who peopled it, and afterward sent out their whaling-ships from the port. The second war between the United States and Great Britain affected the island in the same way as that of the Revolution. Its commerce was annihilated—its ships in the Pacific captured—and its local distresses were equally great. In this last war, similar arrangements were entered into with the contending powers, from absolute necessity; while many of its people, abandoning

their ancient homes, were scattered over the interior of the country. Some threescore families, in one body, moved off to the far West, and settled in and about Cincinnati, in Ohio; and, at this day, names known at the beginning of the Revolution as appertaining to Nantucket alone may be found dispersed over the continent in all directions.

Vast accessions have since been made to the island population from abroad; its ancient manners are greatly altered; its shearing-days, though still kept up, are much shorn of their former splendour and conviviality; the Quakers have ceased to predominate, and other religious denominations are establishing themselves in their ancient strong-hold; the whale-fishery, once the sole monopoly of the island, is pursued with equal vigour in other parts of the country; but the fame of the Nantucket commanders has not abated a jot, and they are still preferred over those of the whole world besides; education flourishes, and mercantile and mechanical operations of all kinds have been introduced, and are successfully carried on upon the island; musical societies and dancing associations thrive apace; every good, and eke almost every evil known to other places, are now as common here as elsewhere. Lawyers alone have, as yet, scarce an abiding-place in Nantucket; and the jail—the follower, the very jackal of civilization—is tenantless! The enterprise of the place has undergone no change, except, perhaps, for the better. Thrift, and prosperity, and hospitality, and politeness, and amenity of manners, never prevailed more generally than now, when the rigid manners of the ancients have given way to the refinements of polished society.

But let us return to the characters of our tale.

Jethro Coffin, a worthy and honourable representative of the name, and a direct descendant of the "*first Trustum Coffin*," lived to a good old age, respected by everybody who knew him; and, when well stricken in

years, he died, as he had lived, an *honest man*, and in charity with all mankind.

Miriam Coffin, who was a woman of strong passions, and ambitious to the last degree, from the period of Jethro's return till his death devoted herself to matronly cares; but it was with a great deal of secret discontent that she witnessed the triumph of her enemies, and saw them build up their prosperity upon her ruin. She contrived, however, though at a late day, to put the disarranged affairs of her household and her previous business operations in a fair train of equitable adjustment; and she compelled many to make restitution for the wrongs she had sustained at their hands. She was a being of fierce mind and great force of intellect; but the softer shades of female character were absent in her composition. She was a woman that one might easily fear, but never thoroughly love nor admire. In her reverses she was more anxious than ever that her daughter should unite her destiny with Grimshaw; and she urged so many good reasons in that behalf, and pestered her so incessantly with the theme, that a reluctant consent was finally wrung from Ruth, and the marriage rites were shortly afterward performed.

The wedding-day was not a joyous season to Ruth; and her heart almost sank within her, when she pronounced the vow of love and obedience at the altar. But Grimshaw, though naturally selfish, was not the worst of men. He had no positive vices—and his outward morality was unimpeachable; and in the main he made a good husband. That he was strongly attached to Ruth was certain; and though his first design may have been to unite himself to her in order to better his estate, by coming into possession of her promised dowery, yet, when misfortunes overwhelmed her house, he did not suffer his ardour to cool, nor his attentions to flag. It was an honourable trait in his conduct towards her, and she did not fail to perceive and appreciate it. In the course of their wedded life, if there were no very

strong symptoms of love, neither were there any remarkable out-breakings of angry and quarrelsome tempers. It was, in this respect, rather a happy union than otherwise; for their lives flowed on with an even tenour. Ruth reigned undisputed mistress of her mansion; and Grimshaw,—good, easy man,—never strove to thwart her inclinations. He was, in short, a memorable sample of Yankee perseverance: and, content with obtaining his ends, he never very scrupulously canvassed the means by which he had gained them.

The country-house of Miriam was one among the few things of her former possessions which did not fall into the hands of the Philistines. The new married pair chose it for their residence, and it suited the natural indolence of Grimshaw passing well. There were fishing and fowling in abundance in its neighbourhood: and these facilities, so close at hand, eventually confirmed Grimshaw in the habits of the sportsman. The house has passed into other hands, and some sixty years have gone by since it was thus inhabited: but even to this day, among other things associated with Miriam Coffin's name, the iron hooks upon which 'Squire Grimshaw's fowling piece used to hang, are pointed out by the present occupants to strangers as a sort of curiosity belonging to another age, and especially as giving evidence of the propensities of the son-in-law of that far-famed woman.

The explorer after antiquities will, however, look in vain for the smugglers' vaulted passages under ground, which opened among the clump of bushes that we have more than once referred to. At the command of Ruth, that singular communication with the house was cut off, and every vestige of the covered way removed; so that there are now no remains which indicate its extent, or give evidence of the uses to which it had been applied.

Young Isaac Coffin proved to be a worthy son of a worthy father. His fearless conduct on board the

Grampus, when attacked by the French privateer, gained him the notice and approbation of his father's friends in London,—among whom there were several who were influential with the government. Seeing Isaac's inclination for a sea-faring life, they procured him a midshipman's warrant in his majesty's navy; and Jethro, after much persuasion, yielded his consent that his son might accept it. We cannot now detain the reader by tracing the various turns of his fortune in naval life; but must sum the whole up by saying that he arrived, at last, by the regular steps of promotion, to the highest rank in the service, and was fortunate enough, through life, to merit the favour and approbation of his adopted sovereign. In youth he sailed and associated with the present "Sailor King" of Britain; and, in his old age, he was not forgotten by the promoted scion of royalty. The prophetic words of Bill Smith, the English tar, were never forgotten. "*You'll be an admiral yet!*"—were sounds that were interwoven with all his dreams of ambition, and seemed to him to be echoed in every gale. In his manhood Isaac returned repeatedly to the land of his birth; and in scattering his munificence, and spreading the lights of knowledge among the people of his name and the countless kindred of his family, he has earned a civic crown that has rivalled the glory of his professional career. When time shall lay him low, there will be hundreds of living beings here to say, in sincerity—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days!
None knew thee but to love thee—
None named thee but to praise."*

Peleg Folger lived to an advanced age; and, in his latter years, took to writing the history of his times. He imbodied, in an antique dress, many curious incidents and stirring events of the day. In turning over

* Halleck.

his notes, to which we have had access, we came across one sentence that struck us as particularly faithful. It ran thus:—"The females of Nantucket are good-looking, and some of them even beautiful!"

Well done, Peleg!

We have heard, that after labouring hard at this gallant sentence for half a day, Peleg got upon his legs, and, snapping his fingers, shouted—"Minnows and mack'rel!—what will posterity and the brethren say to *that*!"

The overclouded morning of Mary Folger's life was followed by sunshine; and the noontide of her years was spent in happiness. She gave her hand in marriage to a man of exalted worth, who loved her for her virtues and amiable qualities. Her gentleness and personal beauty—her goodness of heart and purity of mind, were jewels in the crown of a fond and excellent husband. Of their passage over the down-hill of life we have no authentic information; but no woman ever deserved to be happier in her earthly lot than the gentle Mary Folger.

Of Julius Imbert, whose unworthiness we have seen in his reckless conduct towards Mary and the Indian maid, there is not much more to be said. His career through life was a tissue of deceits; and female ruin and desolation tracked his steps. He was last seen in one of the West India islands. Remorse for his early irregularities and wanton criminality was then making sad havoc with his manly beauty; and, at the age of forty, the dissipation in which he indulged to drown the whisperings of a goading conscience had covered his head with premature whiteness, and his brow with deep furrows. His speech was become morose and offensive, and the sparkle of his eye was gone. His day of enjoyment was over; and reflection had come to dash his cup with bitterness. There is a period in the life of every man, when it is consoling and rejoicing to the heart to be able to look back upon an honourable and

well spent life. Such, however, was not the lot of Imbert. He was gay and boldly designing in his youth, and preyed upon innocence: but his latter days were burdensome to himself, and were passed in unsatisfactory and unavailing retrospection.

The reasons assigned by Imbert, in his letter, for the desertion of Mary, gave the death-blow to that extraordinary association of women upon Nantucket, whose secret doings took the semblance of freemasonry. At any rate, the members were never known to assemble afterward in secret conclave; and though some of them may be still living, and may possibly meet at each other's houses to talk over their former exploits and reminiscences, yet it is believed that they never attempted further to make proselytes, or to receive candidates for membership.

Benjamin Tashima was gathered to his fathers in the fulness of time. He was preceded, however, by his daughter Manta, who, overwhelmed by shame, was hurried to her grave by the silent grief that preyed upon her heart, and the utter desolation of her condition. The secret of her betrayal, or the name of her betrayer, never escaped her. But Miriam Coffin, at the last interview of Imbert and Manta, at her paternal wigwam, had seen enough to convince her how matters stood between them; and she alone, of all Manta's acquaintance, was able to account for the fatal calamity that probably shortened the days of both father and daughter. They were buried, side by side, with their heads pointing to the west, in the circular burying-ground of the tribe, near the head-waters of Lake Miacomet, and within sight of the present shearing-pens of the islanders. The little grassy hillocks, piled over their graves, are still visible; and there, too, undisturbed by the hand of desecration—

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The departure of Tashima was the signal for unlimited license among the Indians; and the tribe soon

sunk into nothingness. The settlements of Eat-fire and Miącomet went to decay; and nothing now remains to indicate their locality but deep beds of ashes, mixed with sea-shells, which unerringly point out the hearths of the wigwams of the Indian.

The fate of Quibby the murderer remains to be told. He was arraigned and tried before the high court of the colony, over which the celebrated Governor Hutchinson presided as chief justice. The session was held at Sherburne, and was conducted with all the imposing forms and solemnity which were calculated to impress the auditors—especially the Nantucket people, to whom the sight was altogether new—with awe and veneration. After a protracted and impartial hearing of the case, he was brought in "*guilty*" by the jury, that, for greater fairness, was composed of an equal number of whites and Indians. The presiding judge then addressed the criminal, and pronounced the sentence of death. The muscles of Quibby's face never moved from the commencement of the trial to its end; and the feeling address and sentence of the court had no visible effect whatever upon him. He was reconveyed to prison, to undergo at a future day the penalty of the law. But repentance came not to soften the hardness of his heart. It remained flinty as the nether millstone to the last: and, as if to set the power of the law at defiance, and to convince the world that one murder was not sufficient to satisfy his blood-thirsty propensity, he lifted his hand once more against the life of a fellow-creature. An Indian companion, who had been confined in the same building for some trivial offence against the law, was found dead in the chamber of Quibby, on the morning of his being brought forth for execution. They had quarrelled over night, and Quibby had seized him by the throat, and choked him until life was extinct!

The day of expiation of this doubly-died criminal came at last. A gallows was erected upon the common, to the eastward of the town; and at the hour ap-

pointed it was surrounded by thousands of people, who, though generally opposed to the Mosaic doctrine of "blood for blood," were, in this instance, reconciled in a great degree to the mode of punishment which the law pointed out for the offender, who now stood before them with the halter dangling over his head. The miserable culprit was launched into eternity without a pitying tear from the bystanders. The gallows upon which he was executed stood in the place where it was planted for many years afterward; and it was never passed by any of the inhabitants without a shudder. It finally disappeared, during a scarcity of fuel, in a pinching winter. The last house in what is called the "New Town," on the road leading to the "Bug Light," now marks the spot where the gallows was erected.

The body of Quibby was claimed by Judith Quary, who, in all his confinement, and in his last moments, appeared to be the only friend he possessed upon the island. It was yielded at her request; for the authorities believed, with the celebrated John Wilkes, that a man is of no further use after he is hanged. She caused it to be carried to her lonely hut, where she enveloped it in decent habiliments, and dug his solitary grave with her own hands. The tie that bound Judith to this Indian was even stronger than death:—crime itself could not sever it. The offspring of Quibby and the half-breed Judith Quary is still living upon the island, and is a man quite advanced in years. As the name of Quibby was odious to the people, he took that of his mother, which he still bears. He is *the last* of the Indian race that once owed allegiance to Tashima. Without a known relative upon the face of the earth, he wanders about the island an object of curiosity, possessing all the peculiarities of the Indian developed in his mind and person. The lineaments of his face are those that a painter or sculptor might choose to copy after, with the certainty of transmitting

to posterity an accurate and strongly marked specimen of the aboriginal countenance.

Quibby is the only murderer that has ever disturbed the peace of Nantucket, since its settlement by the whites; and his execution is the only capital punishment that the exemplary islanders have had occasion to inflict.

In disposing of the characters who have had an active agency in our pages, we must not forget our sea-captains. Seth Macy and Jonathan Coleman are both favourites with us, in their way, and do not deserve to be left unaccounted for. After their return to the island, on the termination of their disastrous voyage, they were both made to feel the privations of the war, in common with their townsmen. When peace was restored, Jonathan again put to sea, and mended his fortunes among the whales. His light heart and buoyant mind —always looking to the bright side of the future—carried him happily through the world; and, in the winding up of his professional career, he enjoyed a green old age upon his native island, to which he clung with the fondness of a first love. There was no place like Nantucket to him. It was a haven of rest for Jonathan, more lovely and inviting than all the world besides.

It was not so, however, with Seth Macy. He would go to sea no more. He was frequently offered the choice of the ships in the harbour; but he could not be tempted. He had spent most of his life away from his native place, but always longed for the fireside pleasures of home. When teased with the importunities of the oil-merchants, who knew his sterling worth, he would often reply in a strain similar to that of a modern bard,—

> "'I hate your hoary face, gruff sea!
> 'Twere vile hypocrisy in me
> To say I love you.—If I do,
> May I be d——rowned!'*

* Byron.

"No!" continued he, "I will leave ploughing the ocean, and betake myself to ploughing the land. My mind is made up, and I will gather my traps together and move off to the West."

Macy redeemed his promise, and settled in the "new countries," as the interior of the "Empire State" was then called. His days, thereafter, ran smoothly on, and he enjoyed himself in the midst of his family, and became an independent farmer—the most satisfactory occupation in the world, where one looks to the productions of the soil for returns for his labour, and places his dependence upon his own personal skill and industry, and the protecting smile of Providence. Macy held to "the use of means;" and put his own shoulder to the wheel, while he called on Hercules for aid. "Paul must plant, and Apollos water," said he; "and Heaven will give the increase." Macy was a happy man, and fortunate in his worldly speculations; and his children grew up around him, and flourished, and became estimable citizens of the peerless and glorious State which their father had adopted for his residence in his declining years.

Sherburne has since taken the name of Nantucket; but by what process the change was brought about, or for what reason, we are unable to declare. It bore the former title as late as the time of Dr. Franklin, who commenced a poetic epistle thus, while sojourning upon the island:—

> "From *Sherburne*, where I dwell,
> Your friend, who means you well," &c.

The well-conducted newspaper of the town, which has had more than the usual influence of the press in this country, has doubtless been the greatest and most powerful agent in effecting a change in the manners and habits of the islanders. As some evidence of this, as well as of the progress of refinement there, let us take a few modern extracts from its columns. What un-

measured innovation do they show upon the old-fashioned, primitive ways of the people!

"On Monday evening next, the lecture of Mr. A—— on Dramatic Literature, with illustrations from Shakspeare and the old dramatic authors (which was received on Friday evening last with unbounded applause by a numerous and fashionable auditory), will be repeated at the Town Hall, by particular desire."

"On Tuesday evening the regular monthly Oratorio of the Handel and Haydn Society will take place at the —— Church. The selections are principally made from the old masters, interspersed with some of the brilliant compositions of Rossini. Miss B—— will preside at the organ."

"The Greek and Latin classes of the Coffin School will be submitted for public examination on the afternoon of Wednesday next, at the academy. Mr. C——, the principal, respectfully invites the patrons of the school to be present."

"Mr. D—— respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Nantucket, that his Quadrille parties will commence for the season on Thursday next. For terms of admission, &c., apply at the rooms between the hours of twelve and one, when Mr. D. will be in attendance."

"Miss E—— has removed her academy for music and drawing (which, she is happy to say, has been more than ordinarily encouraged this past season) to No. 5 —— street. Charge for use of musical instruments extra."

"The philosophical lectures will be resumed, at the Hall of the Athenæum, on Friday evening next. Mr. F—— will lecture on Chymistry and Natural Philosophy as applied to the arts; and Mr. G—— will continue his course on Natural History."

"Saturday. Arrived, steamboat Telegraph, with three hundred passengers, who visit us to participate in the hospitalities and amusements of our annual festival —the sheep-shearing. Same day, arrived U. S.

revenue cutter Alert, Capt. ——, who saluted the town with a battery of thirteen guns, which we would have been most happy to return, but for lack of the one thing needful—*ordnance!*"

"Sunday. A riot occurred among the blacks in the quarter of the town called Guinea. One person, in attempting to interfere, was severely injured by the dirk of a negro, who came to the island yesterday. We are happy to say the wounds of the sufferer are not likely to prove dangerous. The high sheriff immediately took the offender into custody, to answer for his assault at the next term of our Court of Common Pleas. A tumult of this nature is of rare occurrence here: indeed we have had no parallel since the days of Quibby the murderer. The town was thrown into great commotion and consternation by the report of the outrage."

"The post-coach for 'Sconset will hereafter depart at the hour of 10 in the morning."

Shades of the ancients! How would your bodies wriggle and turn over in their graves, could you but listen for a moment to the recital of some of these monstrosities. Music and dancing!—steamboats and theatricals!—But we have done.

* * * * *

Sixty years have passed, and are numbered with those beyond the flood, since the enactment of the various scenes constituting the groundwork of this tale: but in that time what changes have come over the whole country, as well as Nantucket! We have, in the time, sprung into existence as a nation; and our population is more than quadrupled. We are now leading the way among nations.

Fiction has but little to do with our pages. The incidents and the manners of bygone times, which we have shown up to a new generation, are faithful pictures of a past age, and are drawn from materials which, if not altogether matters of record, still live fresh in the

memory of a few persons, whose day of nativity dates near the middle of the last century.

If we have succeeded in conveying a useful moral, and in showing the young and inexperienced female where the true sphere of her duties lies; if we have enabled her properly to appreciate the butterfly acquirements of flippant dealers in mere compliments and insincere protestations, which proceed from the tongue outwards, and have no origin in the heart; if we have, in any way, contributed to give to the world a just representation of the character and hazardous pursuits of the daring whale-fishermen, who form a race of mariners of whom we are proud; in short, if we have afforded the reader but a moiety of the pleasure in perusing some of the simple annals of Nantucket that *we* have experienced in tracing them,—we shall be satisfied that our time has been spent to some good purpose; for we have been both instructed and amused, while collecting and putting together the various parts of this tale. And here is the

END OF THE "WHALE-FISHERMEN."